THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW
CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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NOVEMBER 1917

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CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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THE "ANTOINETTA"

Dorothy Henderson.

You have all heard, although you may not remember, the strange account in the newspapers published several years ago of the schooner "Antoinetta"—how, robbed by some unknown means of its human freight, it came drifting at night into a southern port, gliding with a safety as inexplicable as it was sure, in and out among the anchored ships until it was well within the harbor. There it lay resting quietly, a stranger among the ships, a tall, dark stranger, apparently quite undisturbed by the fact that it came uninvited. And there it was found in the morning and visited by a few of the curious, who returned with strange stories of a deserted ship, of walls that held dark secrets, and of things supernatural. For there was not a person on board, yet the schooner had come safely, unguided, through a labyrinth of ships. The cabin bore signs of very recent occupation: The clothes of a man, a woman, and a little girl were found in a cupboard; a few toys were scattered about on the floor; a piece of unfinished work was still in the sewing machine; the table was laid for a meal; and the ship log had been regularly kept until a date only a week before the schooner's unnatural arrival. The "Antoinetta" was finally traced to a small seaport town several miles up the coast, whence it had set out a month before. The captain, his wife, and his little daughter had been on board. The people of their home village did not know the purpose of the voyage, but, accustomed to the irregularities of seafarers, they had not been surprised when at the end of a month the schooner had not returned. Diligent inquiry found no record of the ship's landing at any point along the coast. So the disappearance of the family remained a mystery. Newspaper headlines excited public wonder for a few days until the next great robbery or murder came with all its thrilling possibilities, and then the schooner "Antoinetta" was practically forgotten. Thus, probably, are some of life's most absorbing mysteries lost to the world, and for lack of truth we turn to fiction,—or truth so warped and disguised that it becomes as fiction.

There was, however, a certain old sea captain far away from the "Antoinetta" who was hearing the story, piece by piece, from the lips of a young Italian. In the long delirium which preceded his death, the man was pouring out the contents of a troubled mind, and the captain, bound on a long sea voyage, found time to listen. And before the death of this young man who had come to the captain so strangely, the detached wanderings of a fevered brain had been fitted together and recorded in the notebook of the captain. The facts were found long after, but were given no great prominence in the papers: for the public had chosen to forget the "Antoinetta," and the public—forever demanding excitement—did not, after all, care for facts, but preferred surmises. This is the story that I found in a more concise form, tucked away in the obscurest corner of an obscure newspaper.

The wooing of Lorenzo Ratti had been a long and stormy one. It was only after many difficulties that he had finally secured the beautiful Antoinetta for his bride. And then at their wedding there had been some trouble with a certain Guiseppe Silva which had been the cause of much breaking of bottles and furniture, and the ultimate invasion of the police. But these things did not bother Lorenzo. He had his Antoinetta at last, and with her, and his new little house, and his profitable fishing trips made in his own schooner, he expected to be very happy. But he had not known the persistency of Guiseppe nor the coquetry and inconsistancy which were deeply rooted in his lovely Antoinetta. Years passed, and again and again he found them together, talking in whispers or making love at night in the dark corners of his own little garden. A terrible jealousy possessed his Italian heart. Threats and blows had proved insufficient for both Antoinetta and Guiseppe. And then there came a time when in his madness

he did not know himself, when he crept at night to Guiseppe's house, into the room where Guiseppe lay sleeping, and with one swift plunge of his knife had put an end to Guiseppe's carefree young existence. It was a very simple thing to do—a quiver, a faint gurgling sound, and the boy lay dead before him. He was only a boy, and a very handsome boy—tall, straight, slim, with perfect features and only the devil-laughter in his eyes to betray to the world that he was anything but a young god with soul as perfect as his physical beauty. Now in death the features seemed to lose their boyish charm and to assume a dignity that was majestic, awful. Everywhere about him Lorenzo saw the same cold, still face—the room swam with faces, and the madness of fear replaced the fury in his heart. After that he could only recall running—running—it seemed as if he had run all that miserable night.

Early, next morning the schooner was hastily made ready for a voyage, and Antoinetta and her little namesake, rubbing the sleep from their eyes and shivering in the cold dawn, embarked on a journey from which they were never to return.

The days that followed were the most acutely miserable that Lorenzo had ever known. He dared not return to land, where every, every face, conscious or unconscious of his guilt, would accuse him of his crime. And there was something about these vast solitudes of sea and sky that was infinitely terrible. During the day, when little Antoinetta made the air sweet with her baby laughter, he could bear it; but at night, when everything was still, he could not rest. He spent long hours pacing up and down the deck, afraid to go inside lest that still, white face should accuse him from his own pillow; listening to the gurgling of the water against the sides of the ship—or was it the sound he had heard in Guiseppe's throat?—and wondering, dreading the meaning of the vast silences around him. Once only, in the course of his passionate young life, had he been inside a church; and somehow the memory of that stillness connected itself with this waste of sea and sky, and he could not separate them in his mind. He remembered only a few words of what he had heard—it was something about a voice crying in the wilderness. He did not recall what followed, but he thought the voice must be that of God. Certainly some unseen power was speaking to him in the silence—or was it the voice of Guiseppe, that clear, laughing voice he remembered so well, calling him, bell-like, down into the silence eternal? Again he read the deviltry in those mocking eyes, and he shuddered at the voice. Such were the thoughts of Lorenzo.

A friend had once, in a burst of drunken generosity, given to Lorenzo a small bottle containing a whitish powder, with injunctions to use it when his conscience bothered him. Not being overtroubled in this direction, Lorenzo had put the bottle away and had almost forgotten its existence. Now he remembered it, as he was remembering everything, lately, that had ever happened to him. Rather curiously, one night, he used the stuff as he had seen his friend use it, drawing it into his nostrils with the intake of his breath. Thenceforth it became his constant companion. A strange peace sometimes came to him after that, like a spell that he dreaded breaking. Yet he was vaguely conscious that Antoinetta was unhappy, and this angered him. Could she realize what had happened to Guiseppe? Did their spirits in some strange way commune? Thus wondered Lorenzo, and it seemed to him that his tired mind would never cease wondering.

Then their food began to give out. Antoinetta warned him again and again that in a few days, now, their small supply of groceries would be exhausted. She wanted to go back to land. This was quite evident to the suspicious Lorenzo. She should not! They should all stay on the ship and starve like rats—but no, there was a simpler way.

With the cunning of a madman Lorenzo managed to shake a little of his precious powder into Antoinetta's tea and the baby's milk before they sat down to supper that evening. Then he waited. The strange calm was growing deeper; he was not frightened now. After she had cleared away the supper dishes and set the table for breakfast, Antoinetta retired early, complaining of being very sleepy. And Lorenzo waited.

At last he stole into the tiny bedroom. His wife and baby lay sleeping heavily in their bunk. Slowly and gently he carried them out to the deck. In the moonlight Antoinetta's face gleamed with a still, white beauty like that of Guiseppe's, but he forgave her that in this last tenderness. He lowered her slowly into the water. There the still face remained for a moment, disappeared, reappeared, and sank at last from his sight. He kissed his baby daughter with the face so like Antoinetta's, and placed her, too, in the water. He drew the tiny bottle from his pocket and clasped it in his hand. It had to be this way, there had not been enough powder to have done the thing completely. Then he jumped overboard.

Perhaps the cool water revived the splendid strength latent in him, perhaps he had not taken enough of the powder. He was conscious of a few minutes of choking, and then he swam, striking out blindly towards he knew not what. A cloud passed over the moon, and the night became very dark. After a time he heard men's voices, and managed to raise his own in a feeble cry for help. The "Princess," bound for South America, rescued him from the sea, while the "Antoinetta," hidden by the enveloping blackness, went drifting, drifting on her strange course.

The rest you know. Why is it, with truths like these, that people turn to fiction for mysteries?

MY FUNERAL AS PLANNED WHEN I AM MISUSED

Constance Boyer.

"Oh, gee!" thought I as I sat locked up in the darkest closet in the house. "I don't see why little boys like me can't have a good time without being punished for it. Seems to me, I'm always the one who gets caught, and the other fellers have the fun. Only this morning teacher sent me in the corner just 'cause I tied Susan Ann's hair to the back of her seat; and yesterday she whipped me for makin' pictures in ink on Sue's white hair ribbon. Then when I came home this noon what should Ma want me to do but go on an errand when I'd promised the boys I'd play football with 'em. And here I get punished just 'cause I forgot to go on the errand and, instead, went to play with the fellers. What do those women keep wanting a spool of cotton, or a needle, or something like that for? It's a nuisance—that's what I call it! I tell you, I'm just about discouraged with the whole world. I betcha if Ma and Pa didn't have any little Johnnie, they'd wish they'd been kinder to me, and not whipped me so much, or shut me up in dark closets like this. Now, if I died from an attack of that paral'sis why they just wouldn't know what to do! I suppose they'd have a big funeral at the house, and there would be a great big wreath on the door, like all dead folks have; and everybody'd come in where I'd lay in my coffin, sniffin' and wipin' their eyes on their handkerchiefs, and they'd look down on me and say, 'Dear little Johnnie! What a pity he couldn't live!' Even old Marm Tupper'd be there and—no, I guess she never could cry, but anyway, she'd feel kind o' sorry she'd licked me so often in school; and Susan Ann would come sniffin' round and wish she'd spoken to me and forgiven me for havin' a little fun. And, le's see—Pa'd go off on a long walk thinking about the hikes he and I used to take 'way out in the country; and—yes—Mammy'd miss me after I was buried. She'd be in the kitchen sobbin' and moanin' as she moved back and forth, and she'd never make cookies or pie 'th'out thinking of the pie and cake I'd swiped 'cause she wouldn't give me any when I'd asked for some.

And yet I don't want that old paral'sis 'cause then I'd never play football again or do anythin'. I guess I'll have to get a mouse and put it in Marm Tupper's desk to see if that would scare her. She's the most unscared woman I ever saw, but I guess that'll scare her, all right. But, then, I s'pose I'd be found out and punished. Gee, but I'm sick of this world!" And as this was my only consolation, I fell asleep.

A ROAD I HAVE MET

Laura E. Jones.

There are roads, and roads, and yet other roads. But my road—I claim it for my own—is by far the most beautiful of all to those who know it well. It is a white, dusty line lying in the lowest part of the valley. Climbing up a little hill, then running down the other side, it rambles on, making leisurely twists and turns to avoid the larger knolls. It crosses little bridges, with tiny brooks bubbling beneath, who talk to the passerby; and it sometimes is the floor of an arch made by giant maple trees. Thus it goes, past farmhouse and meadow, until it comes to the village, and stops, as if thirsty from its journey, at the watering trough.

No wonder it is happy, this country lane; for no one could be sad when seeing such wonderful beauty. The hills on left and right, white and pure in winter, green and fresh in summer, a blaze of glory in autumn,—who could not love them? And the nights—how calm and still they seem. The sun goes down; the sunset lingers; and as it fades, the first star, herald of a million others, shows just above the distant church-spire. Nature seems to hold its breath for an instant, and then the night noises begin, very soft beside those of the day. The road hears and sees these things; why should it not be glad?

You might think that my road would stand aloof from mere man; it might be given to idealism with no thought of the passerby, but it is not. If you confide in it, it confides in you. It lures you "just around the next turn," and there you find the flower you have been hunting for, or the brook you wanted to see, or the little red school-house, long discarded for a better one in the village. Let the road take you where it will; put your trust in it, and you will lose nothing.

The road talks to you, if you will listen to it. Its voice is the call of a bird, or the hum of a bee, or the exquisite beauty of a flower. It shows you the beauty and goodness of the world; it brings to you a solution of all your petty problems. More than that, it brings to you a realization that God is very near. It is God in every blossom that lifts its petals to the morning sun, who makes it grow, and open, and become the most beautiful thing in the whole world. As you think of all these things, you want to begin anew, now that you have seen how wonderful is this fair world. Is not this road of mine better than any preacher?

Only a country road! But is there any one, anything, which responds to your every mood as does this country road?

THE LAST LEAF

The day is dark, and wet, and cold,
  As sad, as sad can be.
And now no more do I behold
  The leaves on bush and tree.

The wind it sighs, and cries, and moans,
  The sky is overcast—
And yet there blows one leaf alone,
  Of all the leaves, the last.

The leaf is withered, and brown, and old,
  Yet it withstands every blast,
And as I gaze my heart grows cold,
  As down it flutters past.

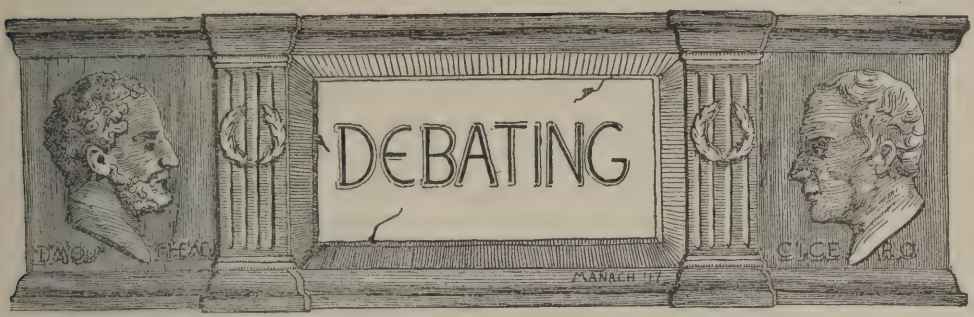
Ida Horblitt, '18.

LOVE'S LABOR

It was a steep hill, they relate,
  It was a frail girl, they say,
And her thin arms closed 'round the weight
  Of a lusty infant as it lay
  Asleep on the frail girl's heart that day.

"Poor child!" said one, who was idling by,
  "You're far too weak. Have you not a mother?"
The small girl marvel'd and answer'd, "Why,"
  (As the babe awoke and they kissed each other),
  "Why, he's not heavy, ma'am—he's my brother!"

Herold von Holtzhausen, '19.



The prospects for Debating are exceptionally bright this year. Judging from the team which we had last year, we surely ought to stand a fine chance of being victorious in our interscholastic debates. The trials for the regular debating team will probably be held later in the year.

Debating in this school has certainly received a big boost from the under classmen in late years. The interest in debating has increased steadily, and let us hope that this year we shall make Debating a great success.

Already the Freshmen are starting interclass debating. Both girls and boys have formed debating societies and have made extensive plans for the season. The Freshman Girls' Debating Club held a meeting on October 11. Under the direction of Miss Anna Margouleff, '19, the club has been started. The officers are as follows: Ruth Loomer, president; Hazel Logan, secretary; Mary Marks, Ruth Taylor and Marion Quigley, executive committee. Miss Wood has offered her services as coach. The number of members and the interest in the club are fast increasing. On October 11 the Freshmen held a meeting, at which rules for the coming year were accepted and officers elected. George MacLaughlin was chosen secretary, Edward Sawin, assistant secretary. The club has a membership of 28. At the trials for the debate with the Sophomores the following speakers were successful: Maynard Lawrence, George MacLaughlin and Edward Sawin. The debate was held November 12. The question was: Resolved, that college property used for college purposes should be exempt from taxation. The Freshmen had the negative. On some day after November 9 the original Freshman Debating Club (now all Juniors) will tender a reception to the present Freshman Debating Club, at which some prominent speaker will address the gathering. Mr. Leonard will coach the Freshmen this year.

Among last year's clubs the Sophomore boys are again organized. Their officers are: Robert Goodwin, secretary; Richard Chamberlain, treasurer. Under Miss Wood's direction they debated with the Freshmen on November 5. In the trial debate Blackmer, Goodwin and Day, with Rowe as alternate, were chosen. The Junior girls have elected officers: Esther Anderson, president; Elizabeth Lewis, secretary; Anna Margouleff, treasurer. They are waiting for Mr. Cleveland to act on the Girls' Debating question. Among other things, they have planned to help out on Get-Together Day by taking a table.

With all this spirit in the debating line we surely ought to have some mighty good material for the coming year.

The Management of The Review wishes to take this opportunity to thank publicly certain students of the school for their generous help in starting the paper for the year. These are: Esther Anderson, Charles Chaplin, Samuel Olken, Varney Mosher, Myles Danehy, Warren Springer, Isabel Kelly, Grace McGarvie, Rodney Long, Sydney Vickers, Ralph Drummond, A. Margouleff, Lois Gay, Rose Rosencranz, Beatrice Whitlock, Hope Warren, Edward McPartlin, James Viola and the whole board. It is gratifying to see so many who are willing to help along the good work as much as they can.

C. H. L. S. GET-TOGETHER DAY

On Friday, November 9th, there was held in the Latin Building the Second Annual C. H. L. S. Get-Together Day. It was in every way a repetition of the tremendous success of the First Get-Together Day, which was held on May 14th last, and which netted $310.26. While we owe the origin of the idea to The Girls' Debating Club, 1919, Miss Olive K. Ryan was the first to practically apply it, and under her it has now become a Miniature Bazaar. The evidence of unanimity and concentrated effort on the part of its sponsors contributed largely to its success. In the next issue of The Review a more detailed account will be given. The proceeds will be donated partly to the C. H. L. S. Athletic Fund and partly to the Christmas Fund for former C. H. L. S. students now at the front.

SPANISH CLUB

Monday, October 29, the Spanish Club of C. H. L. S. was formed. The following officers were elected: President, Manuel Manach; vice-president, Edna Johnson; secretary, Charlotte Danehy; and treasurer, James Viola. An executive committee was appointed, consisting of the above officers and the following: Arthur Johnson, Robert Mariner and Mabel Woodfin.

The Club voted to take part in the C. H. L. S. "Get-Together Day." The table will be known as the "Army and Navy Table," and will be furnished with articles for the soldiers and sailors. Among the other activities for the coming winter will be a Spanish play and dance, speeches on Latin America and Spain by visitors from those countries; correspondence with English clubs in Spanish schools; a Spanish exhibition; and excursions in the spring. The Club has started with a large and enthusiastic membership. It is opened to all students of the Spanish language in this school. The Club is under the direction of the Spanish teacher, Mr. O'Neil, of Room 5, English Building.

ALUMNI NOTES

'14 Marcia C. Holt, Radcliffe, '18, has announced her engagement to Horace G. Killam, Harvard, '17.

The Radcliffe C. L. S. Club has elected the following officers for this year: Marcia Holt, '18, (C. H. L. S., '14), president; Ruth Blackman, '19, (C. H. L. S., '15), vice-president; Marion Worcester, '20, (C. H. L. S., '16), secretary; and Beatrice Parker, '18, (C. H. L. S.,'14), treasurer. The club will probably give no dance on account of the war.

'13 Eleanor Hill and Mary Sands, Radcliffe, '17, are studying at the Boston School for Secretaries.

'13 Margaret Carver is president of the Idler Club of Radcliffe. She played the part of Mrs. Cassilis in the First Idler, the "Cassilis Engagement," by St. John Hankin.

'14 Marcia Holt, Radcliffe, '18, is chairman of the student government card catalogue committee and secretary of the Idler Club.

'14 Beatrice Parker, Radcliffe, '18, is exchange editor of the News and chairman of the Pres Board.

'15 Ruth Blackman, Radcliffe, '19, is secretary of the guild.

'15 Margaret Black had the part of the Marquis in the Second Idler, "A Minuet," by Louis M. Parker.

The following former pupils of C .H. L. S. are continuing their studies in the Bryant & Stratton Commercial School: Jennie Rossman, Alice Casey, Mildred M .Cooney, '16, Katherine L. Fitzgerald, '17, Evelyn A. Richardson, '16, Marie E. Walsh, Gertrude J. Bastian, Jennie Lissack, Evelyn G. Messenger.

'14 Lieutanant Winthrop W. Spencer has recently announced his engagement to Miss Henrietta Brooks Faxon of Brookline.

'16 Fletcher Wason is playing on the Harvard Informal Football Team this season.

NOTES

Life without laughing is a dreary blank.
—*Thackeray.*

1918

Miss Forest: "Sands, your English was very poor in that proof; unless you improve I shall see your English teacher."

Sands shows signs of agitation.

Miss F.: "Who is your teacher?"

Walt: "M-m-miss F-f-f-flanders."

Whoriskey, speaking of the Colossus of Rhodes: "The Colossus of Rhodes remained standing eight hundred years after it fell."

LOST

Sometime between October 5 and 8, one pair of short trousers. Finder please return to Edwin D. Sage, 26L, and receive reward.

Miss Doran in history: "Of course 'pontifex' has some connection with 'pons,' but I am not sure of the context."

G. Knight: "Bridge from the physical to the spiritual."

Food for thought.

When Miss Forest addressed the fifth hour class as "children" we suppose she referred to Littlefield, MacFadden and Brown.

One fellow raised his hand to show that he had been left out when the seniors were being seated in the hall. "Here," called Mr. Cleveland, "you sit next to er-r-r somebody!"

How popular certain ones who have 108 credits seem to be all of a sudden, and how popular certain others are trying to be.

Doubtless Mr. C. and Miss F. would be in favor of having geography a regular subject in C. L. S.

Some may come and others may go,
Conroy seems to be here forever.

Collier, in English: "I experienced my first storm at sea a few summers ago while I was on a farm."

Miss Dolan, speaking of Greene's recitation: "Well, Greene, if we had a visitor who is acquainted with Botsford he would probably remark, 'What a fine parrot you have here!'"

According to Yesson, Egypt is "Somewhere in Asia."

A class in geography would be advantageously attended by certain seniors.

Miss S.: "Hornsby, compare these two descriptions of Virgil."

H.: "The second one is better for it is more realastic."

Did Virgil perhaps stretch his imagination?

Mr. C., at a special meeting: "Does anyone know where John Blackman lives?"

Immediately C. B-y-r replied: "Yes, I do," then, as every one smiled, or worse, "Well, I know his sister."

Miss Sampson: "Certainly articles are lighter in water. Try lifting a heavy stone, when you're in swimming, to the surface, only then look out for your toes."

Mr. C.: "Where, Miss Whiting, is Guinea?"

Miss W.: "In Italy."

Miss S.: "Miss Bliss, explain the Latin custom of calling on the dead."

Miss B.: "Why, you see— they called on the dead person, and— if he answered he was alive."

Miss S.: "I suppose if he was dead he wiggled his foot!"

According to Miss Sampson, if a person works all night on his physics problems and doesn't do one, he hasn't done any work.

E. Clay: "Are you gone, Edith?"

Edith (trying to transcribe a letter): "No, but I'll be gone soon."

Ending of the too modern novel: So they were divorced and lived happily ever afterward.

Teacher: "Frazer if you put three dozen eggs into an incubator and nine-tenths of them hatched, what would you get?"

P. Frazer: "A shotgun and a tin whistle."

Mah Lordy, Rastus! You all keep away from dem chickens.

Mabel W.: "Johnny says I'm the salt of the earth."

Helen: "He means you're so well preserved."

Miss S—r: "Give the average young woman the ballot and she'll gladly swap it for a matinee ticket."

Some names from an honor list: "Killam, Mary;" "Burnham, Frances;" "Sweet, George." The last sounds very much like A. Kelley.

Leona K.: "Why is it, Isabelle, you always call your sister Crystal?"

I. K.: "Because when I go out she's always on the watch."

"MacDonald, quote some famous lines from Julius Caesar."

M.: "Er-r, I came, I saw, I conquered," anda— "We have met the enemy and they are ours," and (long pause) "Et tu Brute."

"Mary what do you know about Lord Byron?"

Mary: "Byron was very fond of Greece."

Mr. Jacobs: "If imported goods cost $1.50 per yard, on account of the tariff, what would American-made goods cost?"

T. Mirick: "One dollar forty-nine."

Miss S—g (after vain efforts): "Well, Fi—d, take up some of that unoccupied space in the attic and think about it!"

Miss K—: "Fitzmorris, ask Tracy, who seems to be asleep, what he is dreaming of?"

F—s: "A qui pensez-vous, monsieur?"

"Who is she, Tracy?"

Fitzgerald: "James II went to France when deposed."

Mr. Ja—s: "Well, who was in France?"

Fitz: "Why, the French, of course."

Linn, translating German: "The ship then left the railroad station."

Must have been speaking of Venice or Holland.

Miss S.: "You're a pessimist, Donaghy,

D.: "No."

Miss S.: "Well, then, you're an optimist?"

D.: "No."

Miss S.: "Is that all you can say?"

D.: "No."

Mr. Jacobs: "Durant, what is the use of the white rod which stands in the corner of the House of Representatives?"

D.: "The Sergeant-at-Arms carries it when he has the Governor out with him."

Collier, translating les Miserables: "He entered the prison full of Hope but left the jail sober."

Teacher: "When the people found Odysseus weeping in the banquet hall, what did they do?"

Thwing: "They all joined in and had a regular weep."

1919

Bramble in physics: "Is the numerator the upstairs or the downstairs one?"

Bliss, in test on Van Dyke: "Van Dyke's style is full of fish stories."

Miss S.: "Marchant, are you accustomed to taking a nap at 10.30?"
M.: "Yes."
Miss S.: "Well, I'll be sure that you don't have pleasant dreams."

Mr. C—d: "Well, MacFadden, how did you like the navy?"
Mc—n: "Fine, sir."
Mr. C.: "Was the schooling on your ship very thorough?"
Mc—n: "Very; even the rigging was taut."

Miss Gustavson, in oral theme: "Of course, Latin requires pains."

Miss S., holding up ruler: "We use a ruler to measure, to draw a straight line, and also to serve another very good purpose. That was funny, Don, wasn't it?"
Don: "Yes'm."
Miss S.: "Well, it wasn't."

Miss S.: "How much is $100 x 0?"
Koslovsky: "As much as I've got now."

Nichols' brilliant translation of "he said: " "li dixit."

Thwing in physics: "In reality an auto stands still and the turning of the wheels under it pushes the earth back and therefore gives a change of location."

McFadden, selling football tickets: "If you want a season ticket, do so."

Miss R—ll: "Bliss, what did J. Addison do in college in the line of writing?"
Bliss: "He wrote short stories for the magazines."

According to Mark Twain a certain collegeman of California once said that he would rather decline two drinks than a German adjective.

1920

From a physiology test: "Hygiene is an odorless gas." "Anatomy is a small lump of matter" (example, McFadden).

Miss G.: "Oh, I know you!"
McS—y: "That's fine. I hate getting acquainted."

Miss W.: "What is meant by below par?"
Phillips: "Working for dad."

Miss B., dictating: "My native land, good night."

Woolbert in Caesar class: "The Rhone river begins at the mouth of the head."

Miss M.: "How old are you, Pearson?"
P.: "Thirteen years, three months, Miss M."
Miss M.: "Indeed, aren't you young for your age!"

GEOMETRY

Theorem: Any cat has three tails.
Given: Any cat.
To prove that it has three tails.
Proof: No cat has two tails (Ax. 9 1-2).
Any cat has one more than no cat (Post 23).
∴ Any cat has three tails.

"What do you have in English this year?" asked a teacher.
"Miss Wood," was the prompt reply.

"Now, class, look at the board and I will run through it quickly," said Miss M—in algebra.

Miss Coyle: "This book which you want to report on, you took a test on last year."
Soph.: "Yes, but I didn't read it then."

Teacher, reading from Shakespeare: "Hark, I hear horses."
Enter Mr. Bramhall with notice.

Mr. C—e: "Miss Whitney, how many ribs have you?"
Miss W.: "I don't know, sir, I'm so ticklish I never could manage to count them."

From a theme: "The coon was roasted by boys on the end of long pointed sticks."

Soph., translating: "Each man had to slide down a rope to the ground which was attached to the roof."

1921

"Fond of reading, are you?"

"Yes."

"Read all of Shakespeare's works, I suppose?"

"I don't know whether I have read his latest or not. So much stuff coming out these days."

Miss R.: "When a Greek moves away from home what does he hate to leave the most?"

A. W—ht: "His wife."

From an English test: "While walking along the dusty road the fire alarm rang."

How handy to have fire alarms strolling about!

Pupil, giving example of a restrictive clause: "Henry Jones, who lived on 878 Cambridge Street, died yesterday."

Teacher: "What use has the clause 'who lived on Cambridge Street' in the sentence?"

Voice from class: "To tell where the funeral is to be."

Miss F—ch: "Give me an English derivavative of soror (sister)."

Boy pupil: "Sorrow!"

He evidently has an elder sister.

Ralph Hanna, giving dative singular of poeta miser: "Er-poetae-um—miseri."

Miss D. (with a sigh): "This is misery, all right."

The Fire Chief recently spoke to the Freshmen: "If your clothes catch on fire—"

A. Woodland, in whisper: "Keep cool."

EXCHANGES

The number of exchanges for this issue of The Review is rather small. This, however, is easily accounted for, since many of the schools which contribute to our exchange column have not yet published their school papers this fall. We are confident that, as the year progresses, our column wil increase to an extent never before reached in our school paper. We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges:

"The Academy Student," St. Johnsbury, Vermont"—You have a very good literary department. Why not have some athletics? Your class notes are exceptionally good.

The "Grotonian," Groton School, Groton, Mass.

"The Everett High Clarion," Everett High School.

"The University Weekly News," University of South Carolina.

"The Megaphone," Country Day School, Newton.—Some very good cuts.

"The Rayner Record," Rayner School, Youngstown, Ohio.—You have an excellent school paper. The number of your advertisements shows that your business manager is wide-awake.

Professor: "What would you call a person who pretends to know everything?"

Freshman: "A Senior."—Ex.

"How many revolutions does the earth make in a day? It's your turn, Willie Smith."

"You can't tell, teacher, till you see the morning paper."—Ex.

This seems particularly appropriate at this time.

Caesar sic dicat unde cur eggessit lictam.

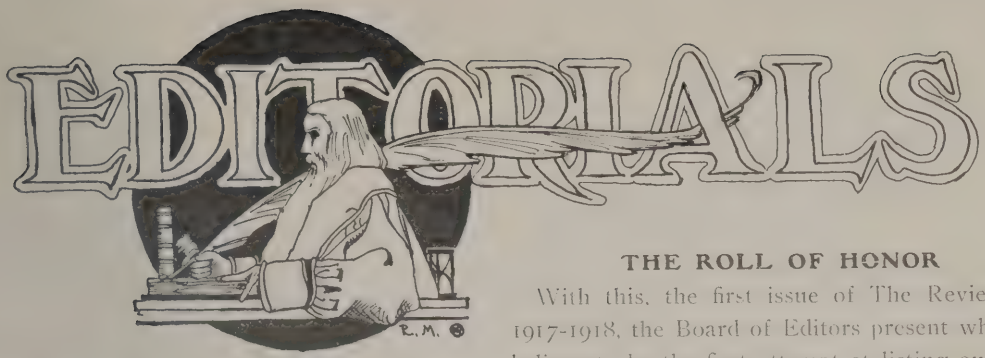
Translation: Caesar siked de cat on de cur. I guess it licked him.—Ex.

"Can you write shorthand?"

"Oh, yes! only it takes me longer."

SUBSCRIPTIONS

The Review after November 9 will be 50 cents as long as copies of the first issue last. The remaining four issues will be 40 cents, payable before December 1. In either case, or if there is any trouble about receiving your copy, see the Manager in Room 24L.



PATRIOTISM AND THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

Previous to our country's entrance into the war the students of the Cambridge High and Latin School were wont to think of Patriotism as a somewhat by-gone and prosaic issue. True it is that on such occasions as George Washington's Birthday, Bunker Hill Day, Memorial Day and the like we would join quite enthusiastically in an attempt to sing the National Anthem, at the same time trying to conceal our ignorance of the words. In a vague way we thought that this was Patriotism.

* * * * * *

Sudden as a crash of thunder in a storm-swept sky America entered the war. Then there came a call for men, men. And was it answered? Yes! Cambridge High and Latin School rose to the occasion. And now—today—at home and at the front, in the air, on the sea and under the sea the splendid record of our glorious school is ever being pushed forward for a finish "over the top."

A few months ago a call came for High School boys to help solve the labor problem on the farms. Promptly came the answer. A generous number of boys from this school volunteered to forego their summer's vacation and enlist in the cause of Patriotism!

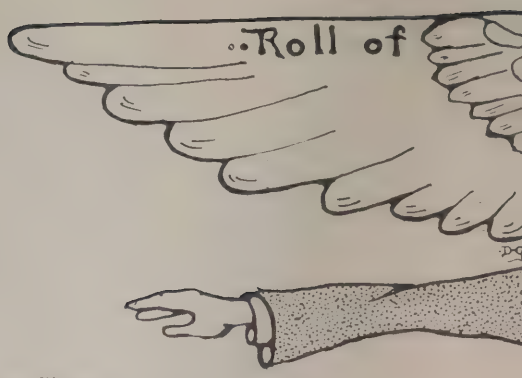
And we have another instance in the two Liberty Loan Campaigns which have been so successfully carried on in this section of the country. $20,000 was subscribed in this school for the support of the government! The school itself has taken two one hundred dollar bonds, the income of which will be used for patriotic purposes.

The school is now making a record that will never be forgotten. We must all help to maintain it. Do your bit!

THE ROLL OF HONOR

With this, the first issue of The Review for 1917-1918, the Board of Editors present what we believe to be the first attempt at listing our men who have joined the colors. We have named it the Roll of Honor because that is what it is in every sense of the word. Any and every past and present member of our school who has joined any branch of the service at home or at the front is entitled to a place on the Roll of Honor. It is our intention to continue the list in subsequent issues of The Review. In the origin of the idea, the preparation and publication of the Roll of Honor, the Board of Editors here wishes to express its deep indebtedness and sincere thanks to the Headmaster, Mr. Leslie L. Cleveland, to the Sub-Master, Mr. Thomas L. Bramhall, for valuable corrections, to Mr. Percy C. Campbell, Faculty Advisor, and especially to Mr. Cecil P. Derry, of the Faculty, who with his usual enthusiasm for everything worth while gave largely of his time and energy that this invaluable memoranda of our school's heroes might be a success.

It is, of course, no little task to compile such a list of C. H. L. S. men from many and varied sources which are sometimes not to be strictly relied on. For this reason mistakes will, in all probability, be noticed. We wish, therefore, to have everyone who is sure of a mistake call it to our attention in order that in the following issue it can be rectified. Furthermore the list is by no means complete. We even venture to say that it doesn't represent a half of the number of C. H. L. S. men who have enlisted. Let everyone who has a brother, father or relative who at some time went to this school and is now in the service, send in his name that it may be inserted in the next issue. We hope that in the final issue of The Review the Roll of Honor will be so complete that it will be an everlasting tribute to the men from this school who have entered the fight for democracy.



Adams, David—Royal Flying Corps, No. 74686, Militarie Case Hospital, Toronto.

Adams, Samuel—Section 10, U. S. Ambulance Corps, Am. Ex. Forces.

Adams, Richard—Aviation Detachment, Nav. Oper. Base, Norfolk, Va.

Adams, Munson—At the U. S. Naval Radio School, Cambridge.

Bailey, Romana L.—S. S. U. 15, Convoie Ambulance, Paris, France.

Bailey, Marshall, Jr.—S. S. U., 15, Convoie Ambulance, Paris, France.

Baker, Edward—Pay Clerk, Coast-Inspection, U. S. N. R. F. at Fore River.

Bates, Clement—Asst. Naval Paymaster, at Squantum.

Bearden, Lee—Yeoman, Mare Island, N. Y.

Bentley, Raymond—U. S. N. R. F. Bentley is at present on a cruise to South American Waters.

Blackburn, John H.—An officer in the U. S. N.

Blackman, Floyd H.—2nd Lieut., 103rd Inf. Co. L, Am. Exp. Force, via N. Y.

Bolger, James—U. S. N. R. F., U. S. S. "Shadda."

Bornstein, Lewis—Ambulance Corps 120, Camp Sevier, South Carolina.

Boyd, Charles E., Jr.—At the U. S. Naval Radio School, Cambridge.

Bradley, Charles—A member of the Royal Flying Corps.

Burton, Arthur W.—Captain in the 2nd Co., 26th division, 101st Ammunition Train, Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.

Cahir, Walter—Civilian Clerk, U. S. Signal Corps, now in France.

Carbury, Warren—103rd U. S. Inf., 26th Div., 51st Brig., Co. C, Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y.

Carruth, George—21st Co., Coast Artillery Corps at Fort Strong.

Coggeshall, Norman—U. S. N. R. F.

Cunningham, James—Field Clerical Staff at Washington. (Until recently Mr. Cunningham was a teacher in the English Building.)

Cutting, Ralph—In the Naval Paymaster's Corps, U. S. N.

Crandon, Lowell—U. S. S. "Madawaska," via N. Y.

Danner, Paul—Camp Devens. It will be recalled that Danner was a passenger on the ill-fated British ship "Arabic," the torpedoing of which was a big factor in our country's entrance into the conflict.

Darling, Eugene M.—A member of the 2nd Plattsburg Class.

Dearing, Vinton—R. O. T. C., Fort Niagara, N. Y.

Derry, C. Malcolm—Automobiliste, S. S. U., 56, Par B. C. M., Paris, France.

Douglas, Angus—Quartermaster's Dept., Camp Devens.

Dunning, Stanley—2nd Lieut., U. S. A., a graduate of Plattsburg.

Edgerton, Herbert—Asst. Naval Paymaster, U. S. N.

Embree, Reginald—Automobiliste, S. S. U., 56 Par, B. C. M., Paris, France.

Fine, Abraham—Camp Devens.

Finnegan, Basil O. J.—U. S. Aviation Corps, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va.

Flamand, Albert—Naval Base, Brest, France.

Flamand, Charles—Charles Flamand is one of the greatest of our former school-members who have joined the colors. Twice-wounded and a holder of the Croix-de-la-Guerre, Flamand has seen some of the fiercest of the fight against the Hun. He is now a member of the Aviation School at M. I. T.

Foxcroft, Francis R.—U. S. N. R. F., U. S. S. "Margaret."

Freeman, Stephen—Provisional-Ensign, Naval Aviation, stationed at Norfolk, Va.

Garfield, Norman W.—Camp Devens.

Garabedian, John N.—21st Co., Coast Artillery Corps, Fort Strong.

Gilmore, Wesley W.—Camp Devens.

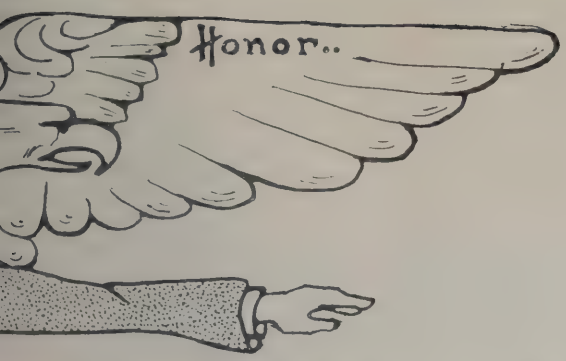
Gozzaldi de, Richard S.—A member of the 2nd Plattsburg Class.

Graustein, Edward—Camp Devens.

Hardy, Elerson—U. S. S. "Deleware," care of Postmaster, N. Y. C.

Hales, Walter—U. S. S. "President Grant."

Hannigan, Judson—1st Lieut. on the staff of Gen. Cole, 104th regt., 52nd Brig., 26th Div. of the Am. Exp. Forces, via N. Y. Hannigan is



another of our distinguished school-members. Until lately he was Adjutant at the Training Camp at Westfield, Mass.

Hamilton, Norman R.—A Lieutenant in the United States Cavalry.

Hart, Albert B., Jr.—A member of the 2nd Plattsburg Class.

Higley, Robert—Quartermaster-Sergt., 5th regt., Co. 45, U. S. Marines, Am. Ex. Forces, via N. Y.

Howlitt, Walter—Provisional Ensign, U. S. N. A.

Jose, Edwin—A member of the 2nd Plattsburg Class.

Kelleher, Simon, Dr.—1st Lieut., Medical Corps, 104th Regt., 26th Div., 52nd Brig., Am. Ex. Forces, via N. Y.

Kendall, Charles—S. S. U., care of Convoie Autos, Par. B. C. M., Paris, France.

Knowlton, Bernard—2nd Lieut., U. S. A., at Camp Mills, 168th Inf.

Killam, Horace—Co E, 25th Engineers, Camp Devens, Ayer.

Kimber, Frank—American Field Transport Service.

Kimber, Walter—Camp Devens.

King, George—Pay-officer, Bldg. No. 94, U. S. Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H.

Lincoln, Nathan B.—Camp Devens.

MacKenzie, Arthur G.—134th Batt., Depot Brig., Camp Devens.

MacNaugher, Joseph—Government Chemistry Bureau of the War Department at Washington, D. C.

Magoun, Harold—U. S. Ambulance Corps, Allantown, Pa.

Malott, Fred S.—2nd Lieut., U. S. Artillery, Fort Sheldon, Miss.

Martin, Alan Rhys—A member of the 2nd Plattsburg Class.

McAllister, Leonard—Headquarters Co. 302nd. Field Artillery, Camp Devens, Ayer.

Meyers, Walter—1st Class Yeoman, U. S. N., stationed at Charlestown.

Mills, Ward—U. S. Ambulance Service, Allentown, Penn.

McFadden, Francis E.—U. S. N. R. F., U. S. S. "Malay." Now on temporary leave of absence to finish school.

Morey, George—21st Co., Coast Artillery Corps, at Fort Strong.

Murphy, James H.—Corporal, 101st Field Artillery, 26th Div., 51st Brig., Am. Ex. Forces, via N. Y.

Parker, Reginald S.—A member of the 2nd Plattsburg Class.

Place, Richard—In the Royal Canadian Hospital Corps, stationed at Ontario, Canada.

Putnam, Willard—Enlisted in U. S. Aviation As yet, however, he has not been called to active service.

Randall, Ellsworth—21st Co., Coast Artillery Corps, at Fort Strong.

Reagan, Frank—Camp Devens, Ayer.

Reagan, Raymond—Yeoman, U. S. N., at Fore River.

Rogers, Frank Yale—101st Field Artillery, Am. Ex. Forces, via N. Y.

Row, Clarence—Headquarters Co. of the 101st Field Artillery, 51st Brig., 26th Division, Amer. Ex. Forces, via N. Y.

Sands, Donald—Sergt. Battery D, Field Artillery, 101st Amer. Ex. Forces, via N. Y.

Shaw, Edward L.—A member of the 2nd Plattsburg Class.

Shaw, Norman—21st Co., Coast Artillery Corps, Fort Strong.

Shepherd, Gilmore—A member of the 2nd Plattsburg Class.

Siebert, Paul—2nd Lieut., Rainbow Div., Am. Ex. Forces, via N. Y.

Silva, Joseph—U. S. N. R. F.

Simpson, Philip—Lieutenant in the U. S. N.

Sullivan, John—Lieutenant in U. S. Aviation.

Spenser, Winthrop—1st Lieut., U. S. Aviation, ordered to France.

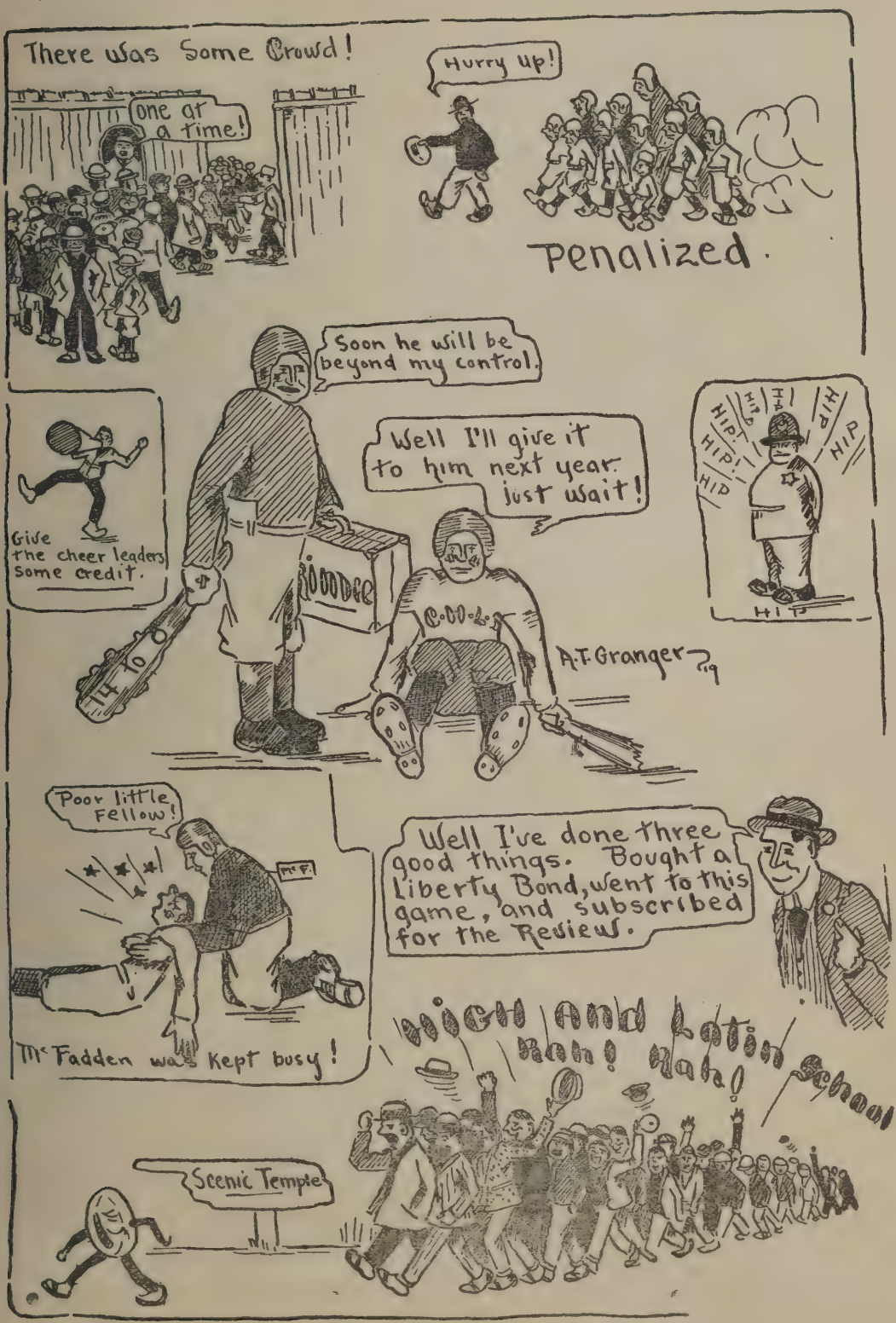
Stanley, Sidney—Paymaster's Dept., U. S. Navy stationed at Charlestown.

Stover, Roland M.—A member of the 2nd Plattsburg Class.

Tenney, Oliver—21st Co., Coast Artillery Corps, Fort Strong.

(Continued on Page Twenty)

G. A. A. BASKET BALL TEAM


There Was Some Crowd!
One at a time!
Hurry Up!
Penalized.
Soon he will be beyond my control.
Well I'll give it to him next year. Just wait!
Give the cheer leaders some credit.
HIP HIP HIP HIP HIP HIP
A.T. Granger '19
Poor little Fellow!
Mr. F.
Mr Fadden was Kept busy!
Well I've done three good things. Bought a Liberty Bond, went to this game, and subscribed for the Review.
High and Latin School
Rah! Rah!
Scenic Temple

This year the Girls' Athletic Association began rather unfortunately. Two of the girls, Ethel Barry and Grace Johnson, who were on this year's Executive Committee, had left school. As a result, the association had to nominate five girls, two of whom, Frances Dwyer and Helen Higgins, were elected to fill the vacant places.

A very large and enthusiastic mass meeting was held in the Latin School Hall, Tuesday, October 2nd. Miss Anna Biggane, our president, called the meeting to order. She explained to the girls the object and importance of the G. A. A., and told them that any girl taking gymnasium could join the Association by paying their dues of ten cents at recess in the Library, any day between October 8th and November 1st.

To the great joy of every one in the Association Miss Brown is back this year. She spoke to the girls in a very interesting way, saying that she wished each girl to get acquainted with some girl who was not her particular chum. She explained that the help of every girl is needed, and that if any one should think of something that would be beneficial to the Association, she wished the person would consult either the president or the Exex.

The Freshmen were then requested to withdraw from the room, because it would not be constitutional for non-members to be present while the new officers were being installed. The annual entertainment for the new members was discussed. Several girls offered suggestions for the sort of party we should have.

It is important that every member of the Association know the G. A. A. Hymn. The words are as follows:

To thee, our G. A. A., we sing,
  Our voices filled with praise,
And ever will thy name defend
  Until the end of days.
Thy staunch supporters we will be
  Though days be dark or bright,
And proudly now we sing to thee,
  Our dear, old G. A. A.

In loyal pride and mutual love,
  As one we firmly stand.
And wheresoe'r our banners move
  The field shall we command.
And we whose hearts are all our own
  Thy emblems will display,
Till like the stars thy fame is known,
  Our dear, old G. A. A.

After rousing cheers for the G. A. A., for our instructors, and officers, the meeting was dismissed.

The Association is living up to its former merits, and is certainly showing its patriotism by buying a Liberty Loan Bond. Collections of one cent a person will be made every Friday, until the required sum is obtained. We appreciate the enthusiasm with which this idea has been accepted, and we wish to give every member a vote of thanks for helping to carry it out successfully.

Owing to the fact that The Review had gone to press before the June Tennis Tournament of last season was played, it seems appropriate to give the results at this writing. Miss Gertrude Brooks and Miss Marguerite Preston reached the finals. Miss Brooks was victorious in a very close and interesting struggle.

A short meeting was held in the Hall, Thursday, October 25th, to gather the girls together. A resolution was made that a note expressing the sympathy of the members of the G. A. A. be sent to our president, Miss Biggane, whose mother died very suddenly. The meeting was adjourned.

With the combined efforts of our three teachers and all the girls in the Association we should certainly make this the best and biggest year we have ever had.

ATHLETICS

At the commencement of school the chances for a successful team were not very bright. With many of last year's team lost to the school through graduation, and many, including the captain-elect, lost through enrollment in the National Service, there were only two survivors of last year's first team. Good news came, however, shortly after school opened, when it was learned that Captain McFadden would be allowed to return to school to finish his course. This filled a big hole in the line, and, moreover, when the call for candidates was issued, good, husky material turned out, so that hope was revived.

Within a few days after the call was issued the team played its first game at Southboro. The experienced, well-trained team from St. Mark's defeated our boys, who, nevertheless, put up a good game, all things considered. The game with Rindge was lost, also; but with a little more training in open formation work, there is no reason why we cannot win a majority of the remaining games.

A great revival in spirit is noticeable among the pupils, their attendance at the Rindge game being one of the largest in the history of the school. This increase in enthusiasm means a whole lot to the team, and if it continues will add greatly to the chances for a successful season.

Cambridge vs. St. Mark's

The opening game of the season was played during a steady drizzle at St. Mark's School. The official score allows St. Mark's 27 to our 3. The score, however, does not tell the whole story, for Cambridge, despite the fact that she, an inexperienced team, with only a few days' practice, was pitted against one of the strongest elevens in the state, completely outrushed St. Mark's; and seven times ploughed her way through to the latter's two-yard line. The failure to score was owing to elementary errors, probably caused by nervousness and lack of practice. Latin School played a remarkably fine game, considering that it was her opening contest of the season, and that she had several green men playing important positions.

The way Molloy and McDonald smashed the heavy line of St. Mark's was great; and the defensive work of Conroy, Sullivan, Herlihy, and Captain McFadden was noteworthy. The redeeming feature of the game from a Cambridge view-point, however, was the pretty drop-kick which Johnny Molloy made from the thirty-yard line. This boy, although it is his first year on the team, has shown a great deal of real football knowledge and natural ability, and, along with Herlihy, MacDonald and Conroy, forms a powerful, all-around backfield.

Our line-up was as follows:

R. E.	J. Burke
R. T.	McFadden
R. G.	Sullivan (Hudson)
C.	Doyle
L. G.	Burke (Koloski)
L. T.	Littlefield
L. E.	Foster (Scott)
Q. B.	Herlihy (Tracy)
R. H. B.	Molloy
L. H. B.	MacDonald (Leary)
F. B.	Conroy

Touchdowns; goal from the field, Molloy; goals from touchdown. Time, four-minute periods. Referee, Woodlock; umpire, Goepper; head linesman.

The Boston English Game

On October 16 the team played its first home game with the fast Boston English eleven. Owing to the ability of the Boston boys to follow the ball, and their speed in carrying it, we were defeated 19 to 0.

The first touchdown was made in the second period. A long forward pass, Merrick to Isenburg, the latter running thirty yards for a touchdown, paved the way for our downfall. Later, owing to a general mix-up of signals, the Cambridge center passed the ball back with no player to receive it. Macchia, of English High, picked the ball up and ran forty yards for a touchdown and the second score. The final score was made by straight line plunging. In the last quarter, however, the Latin School line tightened up, and there was no more scoring.

Isenberg, Macchia and Bevin played well for Boston, while Molloy, MacDonald, Conroy, McFadden and Doyle did the best work for us.

The line-up:

Boston English	Cambridge
Aaronson (Donnelly), l. e.	l. e., Gadsby
Spencer (Romer), l. t.	l. t., Littlefield
Groog (Cleary), l. g.	l. g., (Koloski), (Burke), Leary
Lavenson, c.	c., Doyle
Chambers, r. g.	r. g., McFadden
Kirley, r. t.	r. t., Conroy
Macchia, r. e.	r. e., (Koloski), Foster
Merrick, q. b.	q. b., (Tracy), Herlihy
Sulkin, l. h. b.	l. h. b., (Lemon), Scott
Bevan, r. h. b.	r. h. b., MacDonald
Isenburg, f. b.	f. b., Molloy

Score—Boston English High, 19; Cambridge, 0. Touchdowns, Isenburg, Macchia, Sulkin. Goals from touchdown, Kirley. Umpire, O'Brien; referee, Pendeton; head linesman, Grannan. Time, ten-minute quarters.

The Rindge Game

The annual contest with Rindge for the championship of the city was staged October 27 at Russell Field. The game was won by Rindge largely through her skill in the use of the forward pass, both of her scores being the results of this style of play.

In the first quarter Rindge brought the ball to our one-half yard line, only to lose it on downs through the superb holding of our line under the shadow of its own goal posts. The first score was registered in the second period when Moody, of Rindge, completed a forward pass from Bourgignon, and ran thirty yards for a touchdown, Bourgignon kicking the goal. In the third period another forward pass, Bourgignon to Quigley, was caught by the latter in back of the Cambridge goal for the second touchdown. Bourgignon again kicked goal. This ended the scoring.

The feature of the game from a Latin School viewpoint was MacDonald's brilliant sixty-five yard run after receiving a punt on his own fifteen-yard line. Shea, Bourgignon, Quigley and Moody starred for Rindge; and Scott, MacDonald, Molloy, McFadden, Littlefield and Gadsby excelled for us. The team as a whole did very well, although it showed a lack of proper training in open formation play, which fault may be easily corrected.

The line-up:

Rindge	Cambridge
Quigley, l. e.	l. e., (Gadsby), Burke
Byrne, l. t.	l. t., Littlefield
Dwyer, l. g.	l. g., Sullivan
Wroe, (Grant), c.	c., Doyle
Washington, (Mack), r. g.	r. g., McFadden
Carl, (Kilburn), r. t.	r. t., (McCauseland), Koslosky
Smolar, (Halfyard), (Jewell), r. e.	r. e., (Leary), Foster
Corr, l. h. b.	l. h. b., (Lemon), Scott
Bourgignon, q. b.	q. b., (Herlihy), Tracy
Moody, r. h. b.	r. h. b., MacDonald
Shea, f. b.	f. b., Molloy

Score—Rindge, 14; Cambridge Latin, 0. Touchdowns, Moody, Quigley. Goals from touchdown, Bourgignon 2. Umpire, O'Brien; referee, McCarthy; head linesman, O'Flaherty. Time, ten-minute periods.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

(Continued from Page Fifteen)

Thomas, Erold—U. S. Aviation.

Thomas, Harvey L.—U. S. Artillery.

Thompson, Vincent—21st Coast Artillery Corps, Fort Strong.

Toye, Kenneth B.—A member of the 2nd Plattsburg Class.

Warren, Arthur B.—2nd Lieutenant, U. S. A.

Warren, Harry—Base Hospital 44. Warren expects to have his Thanksgiving dinner in Paris, just like the Kaiser. We hope, however, that Warren will be successful.

Warren, James—1st Class Gunner's Mate, Newport, R. I.

Wells, Bennett—With the American Ambulance in France.

Wheeler, Afton—U. S. Ordnance at Watertown.

Whiting, Walter Sherman—1st Lieut., 303rd Reserve, U. S. Infantry.

Whittemore, Irving—2nd Lieut., Coast Artillery Corps at Fort Standish.

Woods, Charles—21st Co., Coast Artillery Corps at Fort Strong.

Wright, William—U. S. Coast Patrol.

Wyche, Cyril—U. S. Army Ambulance.

In the Christmas issue of The Review the Roll of Honor will be reprinted with corrections and additions.—Editor.

What about your overcoat?

THAT'S a question every man will have to answer before many days—it's a question we can help you with.

We're prepared with overcoats that give you the best style of the season; that are made from high quality, long wearing, all-wool fabrics—overcoat values that can't be surpassed anywhere.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

make them; belted styles; Chesterfields; loosely draped models; great coat, ulsters; any style you want and a fit for every man—

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1917

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1917 - 1918

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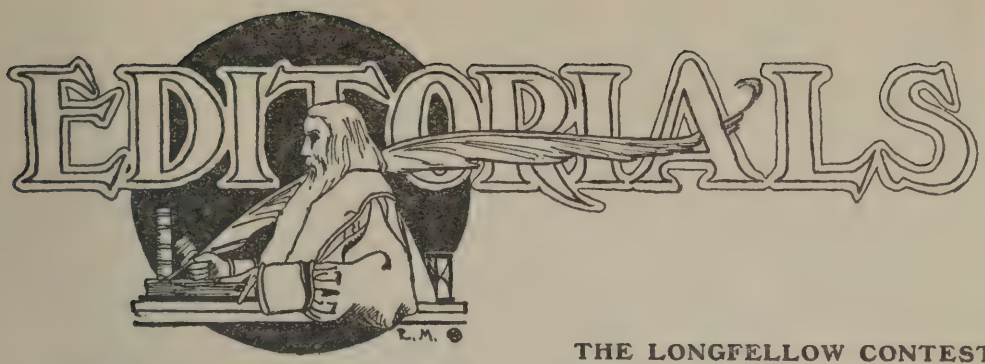

AN ANNEX AT LAST

Several weeks ago we saw a man with a plow making apparently meaningless marks on the playground between the two buildings. We have since watched every day as the marks grew deeper, while a gang of men has been working to such good effect that at last the truth has dawned on us. We are going to have an Annex, that long-needed, long-proposed addition to the Cambridge High and Latin School.

For some weeks previous to any outward sign the work has been going on down in the City Hall. Plans have been considered, changed and reconsidered; contractors have been hurrying in and out with bids and offers. And behold the result! $100,000 has been appropriated by the City Council for this addition to our school property. Of the plans submitted, those drawn up by Newhall & Blevins of Boston were accepted as meeting the requirements of the Superintendent of Buildings, Mr. Downey. The contractors are the J. B. Byrne Co. of Cambridge.

According to the plans, the Annex is to be divided into seventeen rooms for class use and an office for Mr. Cleveland. The new building is to rise three stories above the street and is to be finished in stone to better harmonize with the present buildings. Best of all, it is to be completed and ready for occupancy by the opening of school next fall.

This Annex is going to form a material bond between the schools long joined in name. The Review further hopes that with this extra room it will be possible for our next year's staff to have one of the small rooms in the Latin Building for its meetings and filing cases, but we are keeping dark about it until we see how things come out.

THE LONGFELLOW CONTEST

The time is approaching for the annual contest for the Longfellow Prize. The articles, it must be remembered, are to be ready February first. Since 1911 we have an unbroken line of victories. Miss Dorothy Henderson, '17, was the successful contestant last year. The competition is open to every boy or girl who is sixteen years or older. The subject this year, Longfellow's Dramatic Poems, is an excellent one and offers a wealth of material for the contestant. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that to be a winner of the Longfellow Medal is one of the highest honors attainable in the school. Not only does the succcessful contestant (provided he come from this school) read his essay before the student body, but it is also printed in the Year Book. It is hoped that there will be a great number of contestants from this school and that one of them will be successful.

FACULTY CHANGES

Miss Mabelle C. Randall was married on November 27 to Lieutenant Walter Warren Webster. Lieut. Webster will leave soon for Camp Dix. Mrs. Webster will continue to teach through the year.

Miss Irene Ketchum has sailed for France to become interpreter for a French commercial house.

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN-ELECT

As the Review goes to press we received the news that John Molloy, who played half back until he received a broken collar bone in the Brookline game, has been elected captain for next year's football eleven. William Manning has been made manager.

THE BATUSHKA

By Herold von Holzhausen, '19

It was certainly a hot day. It was like a live, evil thing, and it seemed as if the very trees held the heat and relished it. When it is hot up-country, it is hot. D'Albre's khaki riding breeches stuck to his legs, rubbing them raw. The heavy service revolver dependant from the leather belt seemed a dead weight. It was even an effort to handle the palm-leaf fan with which he was fanning his heat-reddened face.

D'Albre was decidedly uncomfortable; and when he finally reached the commandant's anteroom, his temper was not exactly sweetened by the sight of C'Lhu, cool, his booted feet on the large desk before him, rolling a large black cigar, and occasionally slapping at a too inquisitive fly.

C'Lhu did not rise when D'Albre entered. For he had recently been graduated from the Mission School with all sorts of certificates and what not. He wore boots, contrary to the unwritten law which separates the castes on the west coast; he smoked cigars, which was insolent; he spoke annoyingly good English; and he did not rise when the white entered the room.

Still D'Albre kept his temper.

"Is Monsieur le Commandant in?"

C'Lhu yawned elaborately.

"I do not know, I'm sure," he replied after a time. D'Albre turned purple and shook his sjambok nervously.

"Go and look," he commanded, curtly.

"Yes, presently," replied C'Lhu, with another yawn, and fell to busying himself with some of his papers.

D'Albre's left hand opened and shut spasmodically, while his right took a firmer hold on the sjambok.

"Enough of this insolence; go immediately or, sapristi! I'll cut you into ribbons.

C'Lhu turned ashen gray, as far as his color allowed, and shrugged as he said, "Mon ami, you forget I am a French subject, just the same as you. I am a free man. I have learned. 'Vox populi, vox Dei!' "

That was too much. Latin quotations from a black! Preposterous!

Blow after blow fell, until C'Lhu's exquisite silk shirt looked like a union jacket. At the ear-piercing screams, the Commandant rushed out of his room.

"Monsieur D'Albre, why such violence?" he coldly asked.

"Yes, I have a right," yelled the native. "I know my rights—habeat,—habeat corpus."

"More Latin," rejoined Monsieur le Commandant, with a grim, mirthless laugh, "to a master—to a white; mon Dieu! insolence." And he continued in Myata—"Thou son of unspeakable begetting, listen to the words of the sjambok."

"Go," he commanded, curtly, but the smile faded from his face when he saw the expression with which C'Lhu, turning at the door, was looking—not at him—but at D'Albre.

"Monsieur."

"Oui, Monsieur le Commandant."

"Going home to France, n'est ce pas?"

"Why, no, I hadn't thought of it," he ventured, somewhat surprised. But as he turned and looked at Le Montalbeot, he squared himself sharply, and returned: "A D'Albre, your excellency, France needs me here,—and a black," he laughed as he shrugged his shoulders.

Three weeks later an embassy came to the post from the Batushka with C'Lhu as chief. They lived far up-country, a race little touched by European influence. Gone was the suave and elegant reconstructed black of the mission, and in his place was a magnificent native, barbarous in his worked kaross.

"Son of the white people, we need a wise man, a just man, a firm man that may guide us. This is the message of the Batushka. Will you send a white man?"

The Commandant gasped. Here was an opportunity he had been looking for for years. The subjection of the Batushka. And they were

playing into his hands!

"But I have no one to send," he groaned. Monmarte is down-country; Meaux, at Kongo Land."

"Monsieur D'Albre," said that personage, as he stepped forward.

"But—" broke in the Commandant, as he thought of the whipping C'Lhu had received a month ago.

C'Lhu must have read the Frenchman's thoughts, for suddenly he addressed him, speaking in French.

"Excellency, send Lieutenant D'Albre." He smiled suddenly, showing his newly filed teeth. "No harm will come to him," he added impudently.

"Counfound your cheek," shouted D'Albre. "What the devil do you mean?"

But the Arab confidante from Mecca laid a restraining hand on his shoulder.

"The gifts?" coldly asked the Commandant. Thereupon in trooped two girls, the daughters of the principal war chief; black as coal, with lines of ochre and Prussian blue drawn from their foreheads down the length of their flat noses, and branching on their cheeks in an audacious curl reminiscent of a pigtail. They had whitened the palms of their hands, reddened their filed teeth, and had forced their hair, with the help of grease, into huge, horned helmets.

They did not understand D'Albre's words, and far from being offended with his ringing laughter, they considered it a tribute to their beauty, and so they smiled and curtsied and pranced about like bean-fed horses. But he had quite forgotten C'Lhu. He did not know that C'Lhu loved the smaller, whom he had compared to a warty toad peeking out of a mudhole.

C'Lhu gave no sign, but spoke slowly, saying, "A Batushka never forgets an insult."

The Arab chuckled. "True, by Allah!"

"Today I sit in high places. Yesterday I was whipped, but C'Lhu makes a promise"—and turning to the Arab, "Does a Batushka break a promise?"

"Why, no," admitted the Arab, grudgingly.

"Good!" exclaimed C'Lhu. "Listen, then, to my promise. Today the Monsieur laughed merrily at the women of the Batushka, speaking of them in words full of jest. For a gay heart is his, and a tongue dripping with sweet oil of laughter. And so I, C'Lhu, the Batushka, promise D'Albre solemnly that so long as he remains in the kraals of the Batushka, he shall know nothing but merriment. Laughter shall never die from his lips. There shall be no killing for revenge; he shall know nothing but silvery laughter,—by my Fetish, by the God of the Mission, I swear it. It is forgotten."

And the time passed: Three weeks—a month—two months, and no news from D'Albre.

One day the Arab returned from one of his fortnightly excursions, and in front of him was a bundle. It moaned and wobbled strangely, and the Arab picked it up and carried it to the Commandant's porch.

A moment later the Commandant rushed out, hearing the familiar voice. At first he stood still, doubting the testimony of his eyes. Then all came to him.

"Mon ami, mon ami," he whispered, "what have they done."

"I have laughed," whispered D'Albre, in a strange cracked voice. "C'Lhu kept his promise—I have laughed—laughed—"

Later the Arab told his tale.

"Yes, he said at the end, "C'Lhu kept his promise. Indeed, as long as D'Albre was among the Batushka laughter never left his lips,—full, hearty laughter. For you see C'Lhu, having received permission from the war chief, because of the ridicule heaped on the women and the sjamboking, had him tied to a bed with ropes. Then he took off his shoes and stockings; he covered the soles of his feet with a strong solution of salt; and then had a goat brought in—and goats like salt, eh? And so the goat licked, licked, and the feet tickled, and D'Albre laughed, laughed—and C'Lhu kept his promise. Ho! that desert spawn without a sense of faith, beauty, or decency!

"Consider, my friend, a Batushka keeps his oath. Laughter, nothing but laughter."

And the Arab left the room with a swish of his heavy burnoose.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

Dorothy Googins, '18

The old trees of the park, under their burden of snow, shivered in the night wind, the white ground glistened in the winter starlight and the icicles on the eaves of the manor-house sparkled with a rosy transparency reflected from the glowing candles within. A chorus of children's voices rose up into the frosty air, as a little band of waits chanted their carols under the holly-decked windows. It was Christmas eve.

Inside, before the smouldering fire of the yule log, a little silver-haired lady, her eyes shining with what seemed to be the reflected glory of the Bethlehem star, awaited the coming of her son, Hal—as brave a lad as ever bore sword for England. She held his letter in her trembling hand and read it over softly for the third time.

Dear Little Mater:

Ten days' Christmas leave, and I can come home,—home to the old manor, dearest. Won't it seem jolly, just you and I together again for our holidays?

Tell Hobson to get my old room ready and be prepared to make me a pile of scones a mile high—don't have any of such delicacies here in the trenches.

A good many of the chaps are going home for Christmas and those who stay will have leave for New Years. Mater, Ned Harrison was killed in "No Man's Land" last night, and carried in by one of my men—oh, my heart is too full to speak of it—you understand, dearest, he was one of the best. He deserved the "Cross" if any man did. Comfort his mother, as only you know how. Make her realize how we all respected and honored him—"he was my friend, faithful and just to me," and oh, mater, I loved him as a brother!

This year is sad for so many, and I am thankful to the good Christ that again we may celebrate his birthday together. If I don't come Christmas eve, at least I'll be with you Christmas day in the morning.

Hal.

The fire burned lower, a few pieces of glowing log fell from the andirons, the little band of waits, well paid by Dobson, had long since wended their homeward way; the house was still. Suddenly there came a rapid crunching of footsteps on the snow outside, and a bell rang. The little mother arose eagerly, and stood—waiting. The door opened slowly, almost reluctantly, it seemed, and there on the threshold stood—an orderly, with a packet in his hand.

She looked at him in a frightened, questioning way. "My—son?" she managed to whisper.

The orderly bowed his head and answered in a low voice, "They sent these to you, ma'm, he—he is dead."

She uttered a little cry of hopeless anguish, her face paled, then all her woman's courage came to minister to her great mother love. She turned to the waiting Dobson and said in a voice filled with suppressed emotion, "Even now, we must not forget it is Christmas eve—our guest is cold—prepare a supper for him while he rests before the fire. I—I must be excused."

She took the little packet and went out into the candle-lit hall, and on up the broad staircase. She stopped before the open door of his room—the room which was ready for his home-coming, his home-coming. She stumbled across the threshold with a sob and fell on her knees beside his window. The stars still gleamed down from the winter sky, the snow still lay thick and white on the ground, but the sparkle had gone; he had left her alone. How long she knelt there motionless, she did not know, she had lost all sense of time—her boy was gone. Then she remembered the packet; she opened it with trembling fingers and out on the broad window-sill a gold cross fell—his. She kissed the cross—her cross now, and looked up at the understanding stars; and their steady gleam seemed to send down into her broken mother heart the message of God's love, which knows no separation, no changing. Her lad was a part of this great love—a beautiful light beamed from her shining eyes, the light of hope and wondering joy—there is no separation, he was hers now forever.

The clock struck twelve, Christmas eve had passed; dawn was coming. He had promised to be with her, and then she knew—he was with her, never to leave, on this Christmas day in the morning.

IN THE FIRELIGHT

Esther P. Murray

Only the crackling of the fire on the hearth, or the occasional sound of footfalls on the crusted snow accompanied by a merry trill of laughter broke the sharp, silent chill of that war-time Christmas eve. My sole companion, a contented, well-behaved kitten, basked at my feet as I sat, cozily drowsy, before the flames of my Yule log.

Christmas eve! It was but a few short months ago that I had celebrated this same festal season. The thought of former Christmastides came to my mind, and my throat filled as I realized that we might never again have just such happy Yule-tide gatherings. For almost the first time an unstifled feeling of selfishness welled over me as I thought of the dear ones who had been called to defend the colors of the country in the cause of democracy, or to nurse the wounded participants of the war.

But because it was Christmas, I tried to put aside that other thought and to dwell only on the joy and peace which the season of year should call forth. Then the thought of the first Christmas suppressed all thoughts of self, and the wonder and quiet of that old-time scene spread over me.

I imagined the faithful shepherds "keeping watch over their flocks by night"; the angels appearing to the wondering shepherds; "the glory of the Lord" encircling them; and through the clear cold of the night I seemed to hear those old, old words repeated, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Slowly I repeated that message of the angels and with each word came the realization of its violation. Surely there was no "peace on earth" while the fearful conflict was being waged in the countries across the sea. And what had become of the "good will toward men"? Was it carrying out the angels' words that English and French and Germans should bear the bitter enmity against each other that was now being shown?

The story of the wise men next came to my mind, and the significance of the beautiful strange star which appeared to guide them to the place where the little Saviour lay "wrapped in swaddling clothes." Here the opening words of an old hymn forced themselves into recognition in my mind:

> "As with gladness men of old
> Did the guilding star behold . . "

and from the very depths of my heart came the hope that some guiding star might appear to the war-stricken nations, to guide them toward the democracy of freedom and liberty.

But there was no response to my thoughts save that from its guard on the stair landing the grandfather clock boomed eleven, and the fire sputtered as though in protest at my reveries.

ROBINETTE

I am a little robin
That keeps his head a bobbin',
I'm the bird that gets the early worm.
I've eaten up his brothers
And half a million others,
And golly, don't they tickle when they squirm!

Herold von Holzhausen, '19.

Lynn English Game Cancelled

Just two days before the date set for the Lynn English game, word was received from the Lynn authorities that their eleven could not play the game owing to a previously arranged contest. As a contract was signed two years ago that the two teams should meet in football, last year at Lynn, this year at Cambridge, not a little dissatisfaction was evinced among our boys. As a result of the cancellation, it is probable that Lynn English will not appear on our schedule for some years to come.

The Brookline Game

Due to the fact that the Get-Together Day was to take place the same day as that scheduled for the game with Brookline, the latter was postponed until the morning after. As the temptation to sleep on Saturday morning proved too much for the majority of Cambridge rooters, only a handful of loyal supporters turned out to witness the game. These few, however, felt thoroughly rewarded for their sacrifice; for the opening battle of the Triangular League proved to be one of the prettiest games a Cambridge Latin "fan" has seen for quite a while.

From the time of the kick-off to the final whistle, Cambridge was the aggressor. She started off by blocking Brookline's first attempt at a punt, Molloy carrying the ball back twenty yards. On the next play Tracy completed a forward pass in back of his opponents' goal, and at the same time scored our first touchdown of the season. The little quarter, shortly after, was injured, and had to retire from the game. His place was taken by MacDonald, whose position was then covered by Leary. With an exchange of punts and a vain attempt at an end run on the part of Brookline, the period ended.

Soon after the second quarter opened, Scott carried the ball around left end for 20 yards, and and the next play waded through the line for 29 more. MacDonald brought it to Brookline's 10-yard line, and then slid off tackle for five yards more. Scott took the ball to the two-yard line, and on the next play MacDonald scored through center. He failed in his attempt at goal.

About this time Molloy was injured in the shoulder, and put out for the rest of the season. His loss took the heart out of the Cambridge boys temporarily, but after three or four plays they went at it again, Scott and MacDonald proving the individual stars. Cambridge made her final touchdown near the end of the third period on a forward pass from MacDonald to Sullivan, MacDonald kicking goal. The ball then zigzagged up and down the field until the final whistle blew.

The Cambridge line held as firmly as a rock during most of the game, and it was only at very rare intervals that the clever Brookline backs could pierce it. Threshie, Duane, Horne, and Nickerson played well for the visitors, while MacDonald, Scott, Tracy, McFadden, and Burke excelled for Cambridge.

The line-up:

Cambridge Latin	Brookline
l. e., Gadsby	(Snow), G. Nickerson, r. e.
l. t., Littlefield	Joyce, r. t.
l. g., Sullivan	Tucker, r. g.
c., Doyle	McMahon, c.
r. g., McFadden	Horne, l. g.
r. t., C. Burke	Bowker, l. t.
r. e., Koslowski (Flax)	Ball, l. e.
q. b., Tracy (MacDonald)	Duane, q. b.
l. h. b., Scott	Plaisted, r. h. b.
r. h. b., MacDonald (Ridley)	(Smith) Threshie, l. h. b.
f. b., Molloy (Leary)	F. Nickerson, f. b.

The score: Cambridge Latin, 19; Brookline, 0. Touchdowns, Tracy, MacDonald, Sullivan; goals from touchdown, MacDonald. Umpire, Berry; referee, Smith; head linesman, Paine. Time, 10-minute quarters.

Cambridge vs. Allen

On Friday, November 16, we played the eleven from Allen School. It was undoubtedly the worst exhibition of football that Cambridge has put up this year, the result being a scoreless tie. Latin should have crossed their goal line at least five times, but missed chance after chance, owing to fumbles and the feeling of placid somnolence which seemed to possess the team for the day. Molloy, Tracy, Herlihy, and Conroy were absent from the line-up, which of course weakened the playing ability of the team.

Taken all in all, November 16 was decidedly an off day; and as the best of teams have their off days, we surely can pardon our eleven for this one.

The line-up:

Cambridge	Allen
l. e., Gadsby	Plummer, r. e.
l. t., Littlefield	(Fredey) Cooley, r. t.
l. g., Sullivan (Hudson)	Percey, r. g.
c., Doyle	Paddock, c.
r. g., McFadden	Winch, l. g.
r. t., Koslowski	R. O'Sullivan, l. t.
r. e., J. Burke	M. O'Sullivan, l. e.
q. b., MacDonald (Wakefield)	Dyke, q. b.
l. h. b., Scott (Lemon)	McEttrick, r. h. b.
r. h. b., MacDonald (Ridley)	D. Chalmers, l. h. b.
f. b., Leary	P. Chalmers, f. b.

The score: Cambridge Latin, 0; Allen, 0. Umpire, Goepper; referee, Grannan; head linesman, Bourguignon. Time, 10-minute quarters.

The Newton Game

On a cold, damp, and muddy day, the second game of the Triangular League series was played in Newtonville. The game will probably be protested on account of a mix-up over officials. It was entirely unsatisfactory from a Cambridge point of view. Handicapped at the start through the absence of Molloy, and by the wet field which prevented our fast end runner, Scott, from getting loose, the team, nevertheless started in to win.

A short while after the kick-off Captain McFadden intercepted a forward pass thrown by Captain Garrity of Newton, and ran 30 yards for a touchdown, only to be called back because the head linesman claimed that a Latin School man was offside. This official did not call attention to the man offside until after McFadden had crossed Newton's goal line with the ball. This took a good deal of the fight out of the Cambridge men; and was probably responsible, thereby, for the next two touchdowns which Newton scored.

The first score was made by Captain Garrity chiefly through his splendid work in hitting the line. In the second quarter the Cambridge line thrice held Newton for downs within the former's 10-yard line. In the last minute of the second period Cambridge fumbled, and Newton recovered, scoring after three plays. Its third touchdown was made in the third period, the ball being brought from midfield on line smashes in which Captain Garrity played the stellar role.

With few exceptions Newton found our line hard to gain through. The Cambridge eleven did good work in breaking up Newton's forward passing game.

Near the end of the fourth period a series of brilliant forward passes carried the ball down to Newton's one yard line. Here MacDonald took it over, and kicked a pretty goal in the semi-darkness. This constituted our only registered score of the game, but considering the strength of the Newton team, which all the sport writers predicted would have a walk-away, our boys really did remarkably well. Garrity, Nutting, Hughes, and McCoy shone for Newton; while J. Burke, McFadden, Koslowski, Littlefield, and MacDonald starred for Cambridge.

The line-up:

Newton	Cambridge
l. e., McCoy (Davidson)	J. Burke (Lemon) r. e.
l. t., Severy (Champagne) (Spalding)	Sullivan, r. t.
l. g., McComber	McFadden, r. g.
c., Slater (Pope) (Fried)	Doyle (Koslowski) c.
r. g., Julian (McGrath)	C. Burke, l. g.
r. t., Doherty (Boyson)	Littlefield, l. t.
r. e., Nutting (Flax)	Gadsby (Koslowski) l. e.
q. b., R. Garrity (Wakefield)	Tracy (MacDonald), q. b.

l. h. b., Hughes (McCarthy)
(Ridley) Conroy, l. h. b.
r. h. b., Ryan (Pinkham).....Scott, l. h. b.
f. b., Garrity.....MacDonald (Leary), f. b.

Score: Newton, 20; Cambridge, 7. Touchdowns, H. Garrity (3), MacDonald; goals from touchdown, Champagne (2), MacDonald. Umpire, Cannell; referee, Bankhart; head linesman, Smith. Time, 12-minute quarters.

Cambridge vs. Manchester

The closing game of the year was played in Manchester, N. H., on Thanksgiving Day, Cambridge going down to defeat to the tune of 73 to 0. The victory was achieved through a remarkable knowledge of the game of football on the part of Manchester. That three of the Cambridge men returned from the game with deep cuts gouged out by spikes—that one of the most successful ground gainers was knocked unconscious twice, and the second time had to be revived by artificial means—that still another brought home a dislocated shoulder and a broken elbow—that another was kicked in the back, and had to be carried from the field—these were the results most noticeable to the Cambridge supporters.

As for the game, there is little to be said about it. Our team did as well as possible under the circumstances. The work of Wakefield at quarter, after MacDonald had been injured, was especially praiseworthy, considering that he probably was the lightest man on the field. Conroy, Koslowski, Littlefield, McFadden, and Sullivan did well for Cambridge; and Gooch, Kenyon, and Friberg excelled for the home team.

The line-up:

Manchester	Cambridge
l. e., Friberg	(Lemon) Gadsby, r. e.
l. t., Simons	Sullivan, r. t.
l. g., Sanborn	McFadden, r. g.
c., Allen	Doyle, c.
l. g., Hassan	C. Burke, l. g.
r. t., Gillis	(Hudson) Littlefield, l. t.
r. e., Hickman (Norton)	Koslowski, l. e.
q. b., Gooch, (Landregan) (Wakefield)	(MacDonald) Tracy, q. b.
l. h. b., Kenyon (Tobin)	Conroy (Leary) r. h. b.
r. h. b., Lynch	Scott, l. h. b.
f. b., Buckley (Coburn)	(Ridley) MacDonald, f. b.

Score: Manchester, 73; Cambridge, 0. Touchdowns, Kenyon (3), Gooch (2), Friberg (2), Hickman (2), Lynch, Buckley; goals from touchdown, Kenyon (7). Umpire, Morey; referee, Pendleton; head linesman, Decatur. Time, 12- and 8-minute periods.

HOCKEY

On Monday, December 3, Captain Walter Fitzgerald of the hockey team isued a call for candidates to report that afternoon for instruction. About thirty boys responded and began work enthusiastically. Prospects for the season are very bright, as five members from last year's squad are eligible to play, and several new men with some reputation have signified their intention of trying out for the team.

Efforts are being made to secure the services of last year's coach and former star, Edmund Bradley, who is at present engaged in work which may prevent him from undertaking the job of coach. No definite news has been received as yet, however, and it is hoped that he will be able to direct the team through another successful season.

THE ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

Shortly before the "Review" went to press, nomination papers were issued among the members of the Senior and Junior classes for the Athletic Committee, which is made up of representatives of the two upper classes and three of the faculty whose places have been filled by Mr. Bramhall, Mr. Bliss, and Mr. Downey, all three appointed by Mr. Cleveland. Twelve boys were nominated, and after a close fight, four were elected. The following were the successful ones: Francis McFadden, Frank Sullivan, James MacDonald, and Walter Fitzgerald. McFadden, Sullivan, and Fitzgerald are the captains of football, baseball, and hockey, respectively; while MacDonald was the acting captain of last year's crew, and is a participant in four branches of sport.

ROLL OF HONOR

In addition to the names printed in November we add these who are in the service:

Ahern, Thomas—Sergeant E Co., 301st Inf., Camp Devens.

Ainley—Naval Reserve, Rifle Range, Wakefield.

Bull William T.—U. S. N. R. F., Newport, R. I.

Bullock, Patrick L.—Sergeant, Headquarters 101st Supply Trains, 26th Div. A. E. F.

Burnham, Harry G.—Wagon Supply Service, 101st Field Service, A. E. F.

Collinan, J. J.—U. S. Aviation Corps, San Antonio.

Carries, George H.—Sergeant 21st Co. N. G. C. A. C., Fort Strong, Boston.

Cheyne, George—Sergeant Co. C, 101st Machine Gun Bat., A. E. F.

Clark, Wilder—U. S. School of Aeronautics, Army Aviation, Tech. Dormitories.

Collier, Edward R.—Assistant Paymaster with rank of Ensign.

Cowen, Robert—Chief Yeoman, U. S. N. R. F.

Crosswell, Ralph H.—Base Hospital No. 1, Harvard Medical Unit, B. E. F.

Cummings, E. E.—Care of M. Richard Norton, 7 Rue Francois Premir, Paris.

Dee, Joseph—Quartermaster's Corps, Boston.

Dee, Thomas—U. S. N. R. F.

Dickinson, Melvin—Royal Flying Corps, Toronto.

Dunham, Marbel—2nd Lieut., Royal Flying Corps, B. F. C., London.

Durnan, Walter—101st Supply Train, 26th Div., A. E. F.

Eaton, Shelburne—Pilot Americain, 4m. Cie., 4th Co., 1st Group d'Aviation, Dijon, France.

Elliot, Claude V., Sergeant C Co., 104th Reg't., A. E. F.

Ellis, Parker—S. S. V. G., Convoie Automobile, Par B. C. M., Paris.

Elwell, A. F.—Commissioned Captain November 26, 1917.

Flynn, Raymond—2nd Lieut, November 26.

Foley, Henry J.—Chief Yeoman, Charlestown.

Gannon, John J.—Co. E, 104th Inf., A. E. F.

Gibson, Samuel P., Jr.—Machine Gun Co., 104th Reg't, 52nd Brig., A. E. F.

Hanlon, Morgan P., 1st Lieut., Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, N. H.

Hardy, Ellerson—U. S. S. Deleware, care P. M., N. Y. C.

Hayden, Herbert—Medical Corps, Camp Mills, Hempstead, R. I.

Henderson, Robert—P. M. 526, Pelaton B, Convoie Auto, Par B. C. M., Paris, France.

Hills, Leslie E.—Sergeant Quartermaster, E. R. C., A. E. F.

Holt, Francis—U. S. S. Aetus, Charlestown.

Kempton, Bradford—U. S. A. Ambulance Corps, Allentown.

Kitredge, Henry O.—Commissioned 2nd Lieut. November 26, 1917.

Lieth, Henry—Headquarters 76th Div., Camp Devens.

Love, J. Spenser—Commissioned 2nd Lieut. November 26.

McKenzie, Arthur G.—134th Bat., Depot Brigade, Camp Devens.

Magoun, Harold J.—U. S. A. C., No. 504, Allentown, Pa.

Packard, Roland—Commissioned 1st Lieut. November 26, 1917.

Patton, James A.—C Co., 26th Div., 102nd Machine Gun Bat., A. E. F.

Merrill, Wainwright, alias Arthur Stanley—343934. 6th Siege Section, 10th Canadian Bat., Army P. O., London.

Pierce, Frederick H.—C Co., 101st Reg't, U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.

Powers, Bert—101st Ammunition Train, A. E. F.

Preston, Paul—Sergeant Co. B, 101st Engineers, A. E. F., N. Y.

Proctor, John—H Co., 102nd Machine Gun Bat., 52nd Brigade, 22nd Div., A. E. F.

Ryan, George L.—Commissioned 2nd Lieut. November 26.

Ryan, John P.—Commissioned 1st Lieut. November 26.

Sanborn, Ralph—Commissioned 2nd Lieut. November 26.

Taylor, William B.—Commissioned Captain November 26.

Toye, Sumner B.—2nd Plattsburg Camp.

Verity, J. Preston—U. S. N. R. F., Radio School, Newport, R. I.

White, Charles—Ensign, U. S. S. Charleston, care Postmaster, N. Y.

Winslow, John E., Corp., Battery E, 4th Field A., Carozal, Canal Zone, Panama.

Wood, Clifford—2nd Lieut., Camp Devens.

Wright, Kenneth—Commissioned 1st Lieut. November 26.

Christmas boxes have been sent to the following boys in overseas' service:

Adams, Samuel
Bailey, Marshall
Bailey, Romana
Blackman, Floyd
Boyd, Gordon
Bullock, Patrick
Burnham, Harry
Burton, Arthur
Cahir, Walter
Carburg, Warren
Cheyne, George
Croswell, Ralph H.
Cummings, Esther
Derry, Malcolm
Durnan, Walter
Durant, Henry
Eaton, Sherburne
Elliot, Claude
Ellis, Parker
Embree, Reginald
Flamand, Albert
Gannon, John
Gibson, Samuel
Hannigan, Judson
Henderson, Robert
Higley, Robert
Hills, Leslie
Hughes, William
Kelleher, Simon
Kendall, Charles
Kimber, Frank
Lutz, John
Marrett, Hastings
Murphy, James
Patton, James
Pierce, Hastings
Powers, Bertram
Proctor, John
Preston, Paul
Rogers, Yale
Row, Clarence
Sands, Donald
Siebert, Paul
Wells, Bennett
White, Francis
Zimmerman, Leo

THE C. H. L. S. GET-TOGETHER DAY

The second annual Get-Together Day was held November 9th last under the direction of Miss Olive K. Ryan. The celebration consisted of a bazaar during the afternoon and evening in the main hall of the school, and dancing and refreshments in the Gym. The dancing was conducted by a group of boys from the various athletic teams in the school; the entertainment, by a committee with Irving Jennings as chairman; the bazaar, by class and club committees as follows:

Alumni in charge of the punch table in the Gym, John Dallinger and Dorothy Baird, chairmen; the Seniors, in charge of the food table, with Thomas Herlihy and Edna Johnson, chairmen; the Juniors, in charge of the ice cream table, with Esther Anderson and Blanche Robillarde, chairmen; the Sophomores, in charge of the flower table, with Richard Blackmer and Kathleen Bennett as chairmen; the Freshmen, in charge of the miscellaneous articles, with Hazel Logan and James Cleary as chairmen. Besides, the following clubs were represented: La Cercle Francais, in charge of the grab bag, John Giles and Katherine Sweet, chairmen; El Club Espanol, in charge of the military table, Charlotte Danehy, chairman; the Girls' Debating Club, 1919, in charge of the punch table, Elizabeth Lewis, chairman; the Girls' Debating Club, 1921, in charge of the novelty table, Ruth Loomer, chairman; the Boys' Debating Club, 1920, in charge of the ice cream table, Richard Chamberlain, chairman.

The object of the Get-Together Day is just what the name implies, to foster a spirit of cooperation and good fellowship among the students. The proceeds, which netted $601.34, have been devoted partly to Christmas boxes for C. H. L. S. boys now in France, partly to athletics and the remainder is to be kept as a reserve fund.

The success of the undertaking was due in great part to Mr. Bramhall and to the untiring efforts of its sponsor, Miss Ryan. We owe her

DEBATING

At last the ball has been started rolling and here's hoping it may move rapidly for the interests of debating. The Freshman vs. Sophomore was the first appearance of a debate, and we owe it to them to have started up Latin School debating for 1917-18. The regular team is not scheduled to form until after Christmas, so we must rely on the various clubs, societies, and organizations to give speaking and debating a great deal of support.

In the Freshman-Sophomore debate, held on November 13, in the hall, the Sophomore team, composed of Rowe, Blackmur, and Goodwin, defeated the Freshmen. The Freshmen had the affirmative of the question: Resolved, that college property used for college purposes should be exempt from taxation. The Freshmen were represented by Lawrence, Sawin, and MacLaughlin. The last named gave the rebuttal. The judges, J. Collier, Mr. Wolcott, and Mr. Campbell, thought, as usual, that the debate was a very close one. Miss Wood coached the Sophs; Mr. Leonard, the Freshmen. Since the Freshmen were debating for the first time, they may consider that they did well against their more experienced opponents.

The Freshmen are planning to maintain an informal forum for any one who wishes to express his opinion on a given subject. On December 7 they are to speak on the question of maintaining the public schools during the summer, and of having a vacation in January and February for the sake of saving coal.

The reception which the boys of '19 are going to give the Freshmen will occur in the near future. Very extensive plans have been made, so that the Freshmen surely ought to be looking forward to the day of the reception.

The Sophomore boys are planning to have debates with the following: The Junior boys and girls, the Freshmen boys and girls, Rindge, and East Boston.

The Sophomore girls have organized a club under the direction of Mr. Leonard.

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more thanks than we are able to express and we only hope that she will be able to direct it again next year.

Financial Report of Get-Together Party, November 9, 1917

RECEIPTS

Total receipts	$665.82

(This includes money taken in at the sale and contributions by friends.)

EXPENDITURES

Police	$15.00
The Merle	8.00
J. B. Johnson	5.00
Manson House Ice Cream	4.80
J. U. Wescott	3.50
Davis Ice Cream	4.80
Cambridge Chronicle	6.50
Becker's Conservatories	12.48
Sundries	4.40
	$64.48

Net profits of "Get-Together" Party, $601.34.

The following expenditures have beenvoted by the "Get-Together" Party Committee:

41 boxes to Cambridge High and Latin boys in France	$164.00
Postage for boxes to France	33.50
Postage for letters for boys in France	1.82
Cambridge High and Latin School Boys' Athletics	200.00
	$399.32

Balance on hand, $202.02.

T. L. BRAMHALL.

G. A. A. NOTES

A meeting was held in Latin School Hall, November 6, 1917. After our president had called the meeting to order, Miss Brown spoke to us about the kind of welcoming party that we were going to give the new members. It was to be a "Poverty Party." The girls were urged to support the boys' athletics by attending each football game.

Our annual entertainment for the new members was given Saturday, the 24th. The doors opened at one o'clock, and from one until two about two hundred and fifty girls, attired in costumes representing everything ragged, from street urchins to chimney sweeps, were directed to the gymnasium. With Marguerite Reuton as chairman, the decorating committee had skillfully suspended an immense spider web from the center of the gym ceiling, and it extended to all corners of the gym.

When all of the "poverty-stricken" children had gathered together, a march was had to enable the judges to choose the funniest, the prettiest, and the most original costume. Then came the initiation of the new members under the management of Lillian Gay and Dorothy Baird. It proved to be very amusing. The "Kitchen Orchestra" played a few selections, and then at the head of the paupers, led them to the hall. Elizabeth Lewis was a clever director.

The decision of the judges was announced by Miss Anna Biggane. The funniest costume was that of Jenny Levine; the prettiest, Hester Pratt's; and the most original was Sadie Feingold's. An interesting program followed. After a patriotic representation and dance of the "Allied Nations," came a sketch, "School Days." This was followed by an amusing play entitled, "A Rice Pudding." A patriotic tableau completed the performance. Refreshments were served in the lunch room.

To end this most happy and successful afternoon, a grand march was led by Miss Brown and the past and present officers. Cheers were given for our instructor and officers.

ALUMNI NOTES

'13 Margaret Carver, Radcliffe, '18, took part in one of three plays presented by the "47 Workshop" for the benefit of the Radcliffe Red Cross.

'13 Mary Sands, Radcliffe, '17, played the part of Audrey in the Radcliffe Guild's production of "As You Like It," the Emmanuel Scholarship play.

'14 Alan C. Whitman, Harvard, '18, has been elected one of the Phi Beta Kappa's members in the Student Council, and has also been elected a second marshall of the society.

'14 "Ted" Whittemore, Harvard, '19, has been elected a member of the Pi Eta Society.

'15 Howard C. Tingey, Harvard, '19, has been elected a member of the Junior Eight in the Phi Beta Kappa.

'15 J. Stanley Coleman played on the Harvard Informal Football Team, 1917.

'15 Stephen Freeman, Harvard, '19, has been elected a member of the Junior Eight in the Phi Beta Kappa.

'15 Ruth Blackman and Marion Worcester are members of the Radcliffe Mandolin Club.

'16 Stuart M. Crocker, Harvard, '21, took a part in one of the "47 Workshop" plays.

'16 Russell Gerould, Harvard, '20, has been elected a member of the Pi Eta Society.

'16 Lauriat Lane has recently returned from France, where he has been working in the Harvard Ambulance Corps, and he will resume his studies at Harvard.

'16 Margaret MacNaugher is a member of the Radcliffe Mandolin Club.

'16 Gertrude Lamson, Radcliffe, '21, was the Freshman champion in the interclass tournament.

The Radcliffe C. L. S. Club will give a dance in the Agassiz House, February 16th, for the benefit of the Scholarship Fund. The patronage of the school is desired. Information may be secured later from the members of the club.

NOTES

1918

Thackeray must have foreseen Mr. Downey's existence when he said: "Life without laughing is a dreary blank."

If it takes five minutes to boil one test tube, how long will it take to boil three. Send all answers to the Misinformation Bureau before January 1. First prize, $25.

Miss Flanders, dictating brief: "Roman Numeral A."

Spiers, translating in German: "The family was situated on the table and the man was attacking a lamb chop."

A certain Senior would like to know how it happens that on the title page of George Eliot's "Silas Marner," it says, "Dedicated to my wife."

What does Nesson mean by that "Barkis is Willin'" sign tacked on his desk cover?

Miss Dolan's fifth hour history class was discussing a Greek statue.

Miss D.: "Wilkins, what do you think of the facial expression on this statue?"

Wilkins: "Well, rather blank, like a high school boy."

A certain young lady thinks that Fritz Wiener is "just the cutest thing."

Look out, Fritz!

Miss Sampson knows from experience how some Seniors (and others) get their week-end lessons before school Monday mornings.

Fitzie certainly did fall hard. Once in every man's life, you know.

Mirick: "Oh, yes, I'm some salesman. Why, the first business house I went into I got two orders, "Get out, and keep out!"

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

Garrity keeping quiet in History.

Woolbert flunking in German.

Anybody receiving over a G from Miss F—s.

A Freshman who doesn't think he knows it all.

D. O'Connell was humming the Marsaillaise.

Miss Mosher: "O'Connell, if you're going to sing a solo, sing it solo that I won't hear you."

Donaghy: "In this exercise from English to German shall we translate 'Longfellow'?"

Miss Hardy: "No, he's already translated."

She evidently knows Shakespeare.

Miss R.: "What is the adjective derived from usury?"

Garrity: "Treasury!"

Donaghy, translating 'what a prospect you show me': "Oh, Bertha! What a glance you threw me!"

Mr. Downey: "What does 'H. C. L.' stand for?"

Hornsby: "High cost of living."

Boyd: "What do you think of the execution of our new Senior choir?"

Tracy: "I'm in favor of it."

MISS INFORMATION BUREAU

Dear Miss Information:

When a gentleman tips his lid to me, what ought I to do?

Signed, Ida Horblit.

Control yourself, Ida, and make believe you are used to it.

Miss Information:

I think I will take up art. What is the easiest thing for a cartoonist to draw?

Signed, Dorothy Googins.

We don't know, Googie, but his salary is the hardest.

Deer Mis informashun:

who was it wrot the best speling buk?

Signed————————

We don't know, but we will wager $9.00 against a last year's transfer that you didn't.

That famous humorist, "Bob" Seeds, says: "There's nothing like a good laugh. Why, man is the only creature on earth who can laugh, and when I say 'man,' I mean woman, for man embraces woman."

Food for thought.

G—t C—oo—n: "But honest Bob, she said that if I were a little taller, I would be the best looking fellow in the school." (And then he invited her to the dance.)

It has been suggested that owing to the scarcity of paper, failure slips should be abolished, as an act of conservation.

Mr. C.: "Miss Bourdon, which is the east of Africa and which is the west."

Miss B.: "We are."

Sounds like Sands in the Waldorf, who, when asked, "Tea or coffee?" answers, "Yes, please."

From a Latin test: "Virgil evidently had the epic poem, 'Paradise Lost,' in mind when he wrote the Aenaeid."

"An epic poem relates the adventures of some demagogue."

"A demigod is half a god. Perhaps a deified man?"

Inspirations in Latin, from L8: "The tempest dashed the pilot headlong onto his head." (Yes, we walked on foot to school this morning.)

"Mercury flies through the large air with oars and wings.

. . . . "brandishing two spear shafts in his hand with iron sides." (The mailed fist, perhaps, or brass knuckles.)

Miss S.: "Yes, Cupid had to remove his wings when he went in place of Aeneid's son because, well, small boys don't usually wear wings."

Sands, translating 'It is a pity' into French: "C'est fromage."

Well, it may be if it's Limburger.

What is the difference between a barrel of cider and K. Conroy?

Well, a barrel of cider works, but Conroy—never!

Harvey came riding home from a party on his bicycle, one night, of course with his best suit on. He had no lamp and so lost his way. At last he saw what appeared to be a guide board on a telegraph pole. He climbed up to it and after striking a match read, "Wet Paint."

Miss R——, trying to convince a doubting member about January thaws: "Oh, yes, Horan, I've seen hundreds of January thaws!"

"I feel like fifty cents."

"Oh, no, you mean like thirty cents."

"No. everything has been marked up."

Hyde bought a dozen two-grain quinine pills the other day.

"Shall I put 'em in a box?" asked the clerk.

Hyde, who was in a hurry: "Oh, no, I want to roll them home."

Mr. B.: "Have you ever had to do ten nights in the tardy room?"

Sophomore, bursting into tears: "Oh, no, sir, never!"

"Well, well, my boy, don't cry," said kind hearted Mr. B. "You're going to have to soon."

Miss K., with some skates on her arm, entered the street car and was offered a seat by an old gentleman.

"Thank you very much, sir," she said, "but I've been skating all the afternoon, and I'm tired of sitting down."

Teacher: "Are there any questions on today's lesson?"

Pupil: "What page is it on?"

1919

WELL KNOWN BELLS

Dinner —
Southern —
Evening —
Blue — of Scotland
Mission —
Door —

Miss R—l: "What did Mr. Burchell wear?"
Kramer: "He wore a Tuxedo."

Miss Schroeder tells this of a woman whose acquaintance with the English language was formed through Shakespeare and Tennyson. She was on a street car and as she neared her stop she stood up in the middle of the car and cried out: "Sir, cease the vehicle, I wish to dismount."

Miss Smith: "It is sometimes a good thing that I have a sense of humor."

Mr. Leonard: "Say, Parker, you remind me of an aeroplane."
P.: "Why?"
Mr. L.: "You're no good on earth."

Miss MacL—d: "What is the difference between skilled and unskilled industry.?"
Grace Mac: "A skilled man works with his brain, while an unskilled man uses only his feet."

Bliss: "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man what?"
Springer: "A farmer!"

Miss R.: "And so they sent decent gentlemen of the best families to Virginia, while on the other hand the Puritans came to New England."

Gerald: "Do you know what Esther Gustavson always looks for first in church?"
"No."
G.: "She always looks for the hymns."

Miss H—n: "Can you can?"
Miss C—t: "I can, can you?"
H—n: "I couldn't, but I can now. How long have you been canning?"
Miss C.: "Ever since canning came in. Did you can then?"
Miss H.: "Yes, I knit and then can. Can you?"
Miss C.: "Oh, yes, I get as much canning as I can, but even so I could can more than I can."
Miss H.: "Well, some day you will be able to can as much as I can can."

Miss S—r opened a letter, looked it over hurriedly and returned it to its envelope.
A friend: "My, it doesn't take you long to read your letters."
Miss S—r: "You see, the interesting part is first and last."

Miss R.: "What position did Chaucer hold in the court?"
Hudson: "He was chamber-maid."

Miss P.: "This, I hope, will be your last theme on description."
Kramer: "You're not the only one."

Sounds of music were issuing from the hall.
Mr. Derry: "Now, Kennedy, translate in time with the music."
Long pause: "Well, you seem to be a few measures behind, Kennedy."

Mr. L.: "He must be a smart boy to have drawn a cartoon like that."
K.: "Oh, he probably got an inspiration from G. Bramble."

Miss H., to Reed: "You wouldn't call a lady an unpleasantness, would you?"

Mr. D., looking at sentence on the board: "This looks to me like a modern Latin Grammar."

Miss H., to Bennett: "Are you a Freshman?"
B.: "Do I look like one?"

Bliss: "A statue is a picture of a man or woman made of marble, plaster, or something of the kind; usually seen in cemeteries or parks with hardly any clothing on."

1920

Miss H.: "What's the German for 'sixty'?"
Philips: "Seasick."
Miss H.: "I guess you are!"

Miss C.: "Why don't you use your brains, Blackmore?"
Pearson: "How can he use what he hasn't got?"

Miss B.: "Why did he want to eat out of doors?"
Horan: "Probably didn't enjoy the odor of that cheese."

Freeman: "Being fully equipped with the latest improvements, I sailed on a first-class steamer."

Horan: "I hear you are an awful strong man."
Dewey: "Yes, I get into a boat every afternoon and pull up the river."
Horan: "That's nothing, I got up this morning, took an axe and chopped a tree down; then I took another axe and chopped it up."

Dorr: "I went home the other night with two fish in a basket, but when I got home there were three."
How's that?"
D.: "Why, there were two fish and one smelt."

Freeman, in English: "He proposed to her and her uncle refused.

Mr. L.: "What book did you read, Noble?"
N.: "London's 'Call for the Wild.'"
Mr. L.: "What a wild story it must have been."

McKay, in Geometry: "60 degrees are $\frac{2}{0}$ of 30 degrees."

POOR MAN

Howard Elliot says man is an acquisitive animal. Seven ages are wants.
First age—To see earth.
Second—Wants it.
Third—Hustles to get it.
Fourth—Decides to be satisfied with only half of it.
Fifth—Becomes still more moderate.
Sixth—Now content to possess a six by two strip of it.
Seventh—Gets the strip.

1921

Senior: "How long can a person live without brains?"
Freshie, looking him over: "I don't know. How old are you?"

VERY SOON. NOW

Senior: "It's so icy."
Freshman: "So I see."
Senior: "That's what I said, young man."

Teacher: "Is that gum you are chewing? Bring it here."
Chapman: "Wait, here is a fresh stick."

"Star criminals, I am told, are great boasters."
"Sure they are. Look at safe burglars—aren't they always blowing about their business?"

Heard in the corridor: I can hardly find my way around Boston, the streets are so crooked. In Philadelphia the streets are all at right angles to each other.
Well, when Boston gets to be as dead as Philadelphia, they will lay it out straight, too.

Miss Cogswell, to hesitating Freshie: "Well, what's the matter, is the problem too hard?"
Little Freshman: "No-o-o, but the answer is."

Miss W.: "What's the verb of this sentence, Cox?"
Cox: "Think!"
Miss W.: "You didn't.

Miss M.: "Who can simplify 'seven boys and seven girls?'"
Abraham B.: "Seven of each sex."

Wm. Hannahan (during first recitation after the Thanksgiving vacation): "May I ask a question?"
Teacher: "Yes, if it is in connection with the lesson."
H.: "Not exactly—but I just wanted to know when the Christmas vacation begins."

HONOR LIST OF HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL FOR FIRST QUARTER

No Mark Below an "E"

Daggett, Allen

Stubbs, Carolyn

No Mark Below a "G"

Allen, Helen
Allen, Margaret
Andelman, Coleman
Andelman, Bessie
Anderson, Alice C.
Anderson, Lily
Ashman, Irene
Baker, Ettabelle
Balfe, John
Bates, Helen
Boyer, Barbara
Boyer, Constance
Bramble, Glenn
Brennan, Alice
Brown, Margaret A.
Buckley, Carolyn
Burnham, Frances
Carlow, Christine
Carlson, Ethel A.
Chase, Helen G.
Chamberlain, Rchard
Clark, Janet S.
Clayton, Muriel
Collins, Lawrence
Coolidge, Helen
Coolidge, Rosamond
Corcoran, Anna
Dallinger, Anna
Danehy, Charlotte
Donovan, Annie L.
Donovan, Marguerite
Doyle, Mary H.
Drew, Thomas
Faris, Marion
Fitzgerald, John
Ford, Anna W.
Forsyth, Helen G.
Fox, Dorothy
Frye, Anna L.
Gallagher, Mary
Gerould, Richard
Glazin, Etta
Grade, Helen
Grandin, Lydia
Graves, Myrtle
Hadley, Margaret
Hall, Isabel
Hamilton, Evelyn
Hanabury, Marion
Harrington, Helen
Harris, Annie L.
Hart, Margaret
Hatch, Emily
Hatch, Everett
Hawes, Dorothy
Herbert, Marion
Herman, Earle
Hokanson, Vera
Heller, Marie
Henry, Joseph
Hill, Loretta
Johnson, Edna
Jones, Laura
Hurley, Frances
Isen, Maurice
Johnson, Alice A.
Katz, Hyman
Killam, Mary W.
Kramer, Miriam
Lane, Harriet
Latkowitch, Ida
Lawrence, Maynard
L'Esperance, Herbert
Litter, Sydney
Looney, John
Lesbabay, Madeline
Ludwig, Hilda
Lewis, Elizabeth
McCarthy, John
McCloskey, Rose
McLaughlin, Alice
Martin, James
Miles, Alice
Miles, Ruth
Mobry, Margaret
Moran, Helen
Moylan, Margaret
Murphy, Dorothy
Nelson, Gunhild
Nishimiya, Chitose
Nolen, Barbara
O'Brien, Edith
Pomeroy, Ruth
Rau, Bertha
Redmond, Aidan
Renton, Marguerite
Richmond, Grace
Ripley, Josephine
Sawin, Edward
Shuckrowe, Marion
Steeves, Marion
Stohn, Samuel
Sullivan, Grace
Sullivan, Josephine
Taylor, Ruth D.
Tisdale, Irving
Treadwell, Thomas
Trafton, Anna
Tweedie, Agnes K.
Vinet, Horatio
Vinson, Marjorie
Wait, Clare
White, Antoinette
Whittaker, Grace
Williams, Gertrude
Woods, Daniel
Zimmerman, Emma

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges:

"The Brown Alumni Monthly," Brown University, Providence.

"The Columbia Alumni News," Columbia University, N. Y.

"The Delphian," Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I. You have some good stories. Why not a few cuts?

"The Grotonian," Groton School, Groton, Mass.

"The Megaphone," Country Day School, Newton, Mass. Your athletic department is good.

"The Radiator," Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass. The cover design of your October "Radiator" is extremely well done. Your cuts are also very good.

"The Recorder," Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass. A good school paper.

"The Register," Rindge Technical School, Cambridge, Mass.

"The Sagamore," Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass. The story, "A French Poilu," in the November "Sagamore," is very interesting. Yours is a real patriotic paper.

"The Signal," Cambridge High School, Cambridge, Ohio.

Jack: "I haven't seen Ruth for a month."
Bill: "How ruthless!" —Ex.

"Which magazine will give me a high position the quickest?"—Young Writer.

Answer: "A powder magazine, if you write a fiery article." —Ex.

Professor: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Student: "No wonder so many of us flunk our exams!"

Pupil (reciting): "J'irai a—a—a—a-——"

Teacher (tartly): "This is a French class, not a doctor's office."

Promising Editor: "Oh! it's raining. I will get this editorial work all wet!"

Faculty adviser: "It's pretty dry anyway; it won't hurt it if it does get soaked."

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The printer gets all the money,
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—Recorder.

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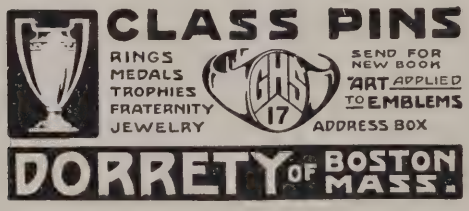

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

MARCH 1918

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In Memory of

THURSTON G. MIRICK, '18
Accidentally killed while hunting

JAMES D. BOLGER, '17
Drowned while in the performance of his duty as a sailor on the "Shada," U. S. N.

WAINWRIGHT MERRILL, '15
Killed in France. Canadian Artillery

The paper of the Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge Massachusetts

The CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

LYLE RING, '18
Editor-in-Chief

SAMUEL OLKEN '18
Business Manager

THURSTON G. MIRICK

THURSTON G. MIRICK

A CLASSMATE

The Senior class and in fact the whole school is mourning the loss by a fatal accident of one of its finest scholars, Thurston G. Mirick.

Thurston Mirick entered the Cambridge Latin School in the fall of 1914. From the first he distinguished himself for his keen, active mind and healthy enthusiasm for his work.

By the time that he had finished his first year Mirick recognized the field in which to direct his ability, namely, in Debating. From the time when this activity was entered upon, Mirick was not unknown in the school. In his sophomore year he was a member of the winning team in our annual Prize Debate, having his name engraved upon the large school loving cup, and also receiving an individual cup. It was with some expectation, therefore, that debating fans awaited Mirick's third year.

The hopes placed in Mirick's ability as a debater proved realities in his junior year. He was a member of the school team, and against Lexington won a clearly earned victory in a remarkably close debate by his excellent rebuttal speech. Mirick did not devote all of his time to debating, however, for besides keeping a creditable average in all of his studies, he was actively

engaged in work on the business board of this paper, and in this showed his ability as a hard and successful worker.

From the writing above the reader may get the idea that Mirick was all well enough as a scholar in the strict sense of the word, but that as a supporter of the school activities—outside of debating—he was uninterested. That is far from the case, though. Mirick was always to be found at class meetings, mass meetings, and all the home games of football. When collections were taken he could be relied upon to "dig deep" and gladly.

But, what is most to his credit, when the call came last spring for boys to work on farms, Mirick imemdiately gave up his studies, not glad of an oportunity to be rid of them, for he was never a shirker, but glad that in this way he could "do his bit" for Uncle Sam. At this work he occupied himself till late in the fall, even giving up more than a month of his Senior year here that he might finish his work.

When he returned, Mirick plunged with his accustomed enthusiasm into his school activities. He was made business manager of the Review, a most responsible position, for which he had fitted himself last year. When class elections came he was nominated and elected a member of the Drama Committee, and, busy though he was, he acepted the chair of this committee and would even have taken a part in the Drama Cast.

Then came the Christmas vacation and with it the terrible accident resulting in his death. It seems that Mirick and a chum went for a short visit to the country near Westminster. Tuesday, New Year's day, they went rabbit hunting off in the woods. Mirick was struck when his companion's gun accidentally went off, and he died a short time afterward. Every one who knew him was stunned by the news of his death. "Why," asked all, "should he, a fellow loved by all, of sterling character, active in all school affairs and in the church, and with the best of life before him, die?"

At first it did seem that all his life had been in vain, but has it? Was the most beautiful sunset you ever saw of no purpose because night soon came; was the first symphony of no good simply because you may never hear it again; or was the loveliest flower which cheered you when ill of no avail since it soon withered and died? Ah, no! You were inspired by the sunset which you will never see again; you were rested and cheered when you heard the great music, and the lovely blossom comforted you, the blossom which so soon withered. So it is that I like to think of Mirick. Every one was helped along just so much by Mirick's example. His cheerfulness, courteousness, enthusiasm for all that is good and worth while, and the standard which he set for his friends to follow; these are what made his life, short though it was, a success. And, unlike the sunset, music, and flowers, Mirick is not gone entirely, for he has simply graduated from his class here and taken up his work with the great Master of us all, where, God grant, we may meet in the final Reunion.

RESOLUTIONS ON MIRICK'S DEATH

Resolutions passed by the senior class of 1918 on the death of Thurston Gott Mirick.

Whereas, one of our most esteemed schoolmates has been taken from us; be it

Resolved: That by the untimely death of Thurston Gott Mirick the Cambridge High and Latin School has suffered an irreparable loss; be it

Resolved: That the senior class has lost a most promising and loyal friend and shares the deep grief of his parents in their time of bereavement; and be it

Resolved: That these resolutions be published in the school "Review" and in the Cambridge papers, and that a copy be sent to Mr. and Mrs. Mirick.

(Signed) ORPHA KILBOURN,
GEOFFREY CHAMBERLAIN,
RODNEY W. LONG,

Committee on Resolutions, C. H. L. S., 1918.

JAMES D. BOLGER, '17

JAMES D. BOLGER

The first student from the Cambridge High and Latin School to enlist in the service of the United States was James Bolger. On the day that America declared war against Germany, Bolger enlisted in the "Mosquito Fleet." He was sent for training to Marblehead, then to Commonwealth Pier, and still later to Bumkins' Island.

After a period of training Bolger was assigned to the coast patrol-boat "Shada." On this boat he served till he met with a fatal accident. Early Friday morning, December 14, his boat became entangled in the submarine at the entrance of Boston Harbor. Bolger immediately volunteered to see what could be done; and though there was a gale and a high sea, he and another sailor—Sherman A. Brokaw—took a dory and put off. Owing to the high sea the dory capsized, and Bolger and Brokaw were thrown into the sea. They soon perished from exposure, and Bolger's body was recovered by a guard on Deer Island.

The funeral was held Tuesday morning and was followed by requiem high mass as St. Paul's church. Hundreds of pupils from Cambridge Latin School attended the mass in a body. The interment was in Mt. Auburn Cemetery. Six blue-jackets from the "Shada" acted as bearers; there were three volleys fired over the grave, and taps were sounded.

Bolger graduated with the class of '17, one of the most popular members, partly because of his athletic ability and partly from his genial and pleasant disposition.

WAINWRIGHT MERRILL

WAINWRIGHT MERRILL, '15

Edward L. Hubbard, '14

I have been asked to write about Wainwright Merrill, and I am glad to do it, for I have been in intimate touch with him ever since he left for Canada. For a long time he had strongly felt the call to enlist, and he spoke to me freely about it. I knew that his decision was not premature, and when he finally made it I did not like to dissuade him. On November 9, 1916, just after Roumania had been so mercilessly annihilated, he left for Montreal. He was the first of the Cambridge boys, you remember, to enlist, and to give his life for the allied cause. It is impossible to relate all of his hardships and trials. He applied in Montreal twice, and was refused on account of overheight. At last, almost in despair, he went to Kingston, Ontario. Here he was accepted under the name of Arthur Ashton Stanley, a clerk from Cheapside, London. It is too bad that he could not keep his identity, but they were not anxious for American boys, 18 years old, so that he felt this step necessary.

He was received into the Canadian Field Artillery, and until the first of February, 1917, he was in training at Kingston. Times were very

hard, but they were not without their fun, and his letters assured me that that alleviated any pain. At Christmas time he was very happy at being able to come back to Cambridge. I had never known until then what a "home town" could mean to a person. His pleasure at even the commonest things was childlike. It was hard to make him go to bed at all. I shall never forget the Christmas Eve that we spent together. We walked into Boston—up to Beacon Hill. The houses were brilliant with candles, and the voices of carolers were ringing out on the clear, cold air the Christmas spirit of good cheer. All at once a voice beside me, trembling with emotion, joined with them in Adeste Fideles. At the end it stopped with a sob, and said huskily, "Ed, you don't know what it means to be at home until you have seen what I have. God grant you never may."

When at last he was in England he was more like his old self. He bought a bicycle, and in a few weeks not a road in old Kent had not borne the tracks of his tires. His favorite rides were along Wattling Street, up toward London, and to Canterbury Cathedral. On Wattling Street there was an inn "where for sixpence you can get iced tea and muffins. The muffins are made without butter, and not much milk, and the tea is not iced, you know, but what of it, they are just as good." About Wattling Street he wrote, "From London to Canterbury it is immortalized as the route of the Canterbury Pilgrims. It is the 'Dover Road' of 'Two Cities,' all the Victorian novelists, and of twentieth century actuality, too. The 'Great North Road' runs from London to York and beyond to Hadrian's Wall and Scotland. It was up this road that Turpin rode two hundred miles in ten hours, after a robbery in Kent, thereby proving an 'alibi' to the court, who believed the feat impossible. . . . About quarter of 6 I stopped at the George, an ancient stone hostelry with a shining tap room and polished inn-parlour. I had supper up, and was glad enough to eat it in the stone-flagged inn-kitchen with the publican, a beefy-faced old codger in green velveteens. Eggs, and bread and butter, with tea, jam, and cake, was the fare, since mine host would have no meat until the next day. I paid my score—two shillings. . . . There is a fascination about a Roman road that eclipses that of other roads,—its running straight and undeviatingly over the hills, on and on, till its goal is reached. There are a great many of them in England. Caesar, I suppose, began it, and when Brittania became a province they were an imperative need. . . . The 'modern' castle dates from Henry IV, and is not a Norman pile, as I had supposed. . . . The centuries that have passed over Old England, and yet this stone highway and this ponderous ruin stand, giving their name and glory to us latter-day mortals,—you feel very small and at the same time very proud of England, and of all that made it what it is. Troja fuit, but Roma est. AVE. ROMA. IMMORTALS. And England has carried Rome on."

It is impossible to tell of his adventures; of his trip to Stratford-on-Avon, to John Harvard's home, of his visit with the Dean of Christ Church College, Oxford, and the afternoon and evening spent with Rudyard Kipling, but it is all like a fairy tale. I must close with one more quotation. I had told him that I was going back to college, on furlough, and he wrote, "and the knowledge that old Johnny H. is behind his sons, and watching them, and expecting them to do well, will help a chap mightily to carry on. . . . Oh, to toddle in the gate by Holworthy as the bell is whanging away, and the men pour out of Sever, and Boylston, and Widener—and to sit again to Kittredge or Barrett Wendell, or any of the old Guard; to speed over to the Waldorf or the Union for a bite, or a juicy tenderloin; in short, the has-been of our mundane sojourn, the glad days of young youth, that now seems so very far away; but the hope is still warm of the coming back."

Just a word as to the man. Very few understood him, and a great many made him the object of ridicule. It is just that they did not realize the jewel that was lying hidden in him. He was generosity, reliability, kindness itself. Nothing was too big or too small for him to do for his friends. He had a genius for languages. His translations of Horace, Heine, Lessing, and Vil-

lon are jems. He could recite over two thousand lines of Kipling by heart, and before he left for England he announced to me triumphantly that he could repeat every word of Goethe's Faust from memory. He was very mature—far beyond his years. His perception of cause and effect, and his feeling of responsibility were exceptional. His good points are so innumerable that I cannot even attempt to do him justice. Only a few of his intimate friends will retain a clear memory of him, but everyone who has seen his gaunt, stooped figure striding along will keep a place in his heart for one who loved mankind as he would his brother.

Official report announced his death on November 6, 1917, from wounds from enemy shells.

(Portion of a letter from Arthur Ashton Stanley (Wainwright Merrill) to Edward Hubbard. Wainwright was going to Codford from Aldershot. From Codford he went to France.)

Camp No. 15, Codford, Wilts,
Sept. 20, 1917.

Dear Ed.:

This sixth camp which I have tenanted in England re trouve on the bare slope of the Southern Wiltshire downs, flanking Salisbury Plain—"the Muddy," on the southwest, twenty miles southeast of Bath, fifteen miles northwest of Salisbury, ten miles west of Stonehenge,—but you can find all these things on the map, should you have opportunity and desire. The camp is of Australians, Anzacs, and Imperials,—and we are the first Canadians on Salisbury Plain since the first contingent in '14-'15. The Plains is a great stamping ground for the infantry, ranking with Aldershot in this war.

Yesterday we came. Out of green Kent, with hop poles and happy fishers—women largely—through Ashford, Tunbridge, Sevenoaks et alia, into the populated region. At New Cross you look out from the "overhead" (voila "elevated" des Etats Nuis, comme "underground," for "subway") over miles and miles of streets, spires and chimney pots. Then over the dirty purliens of Bermondsey, the Borough of Dickens, across Southwarks to Waterloo; then across the Waterloo Road—we are nearing the river; what would it be like? A host of ideas and half-remembered conceptions of the river, the bridges and that great center of the mammoth leviathan that is London. But I had no time to think long or cohere my thoughts—we slid easily out onto the Charing Cross Bridge—there it lay. A jerk, and I was in a maze of bewildering reconstruction—misinformation; false theories went by the board—how narrow the river seems, with the huge, massive gray piles of buildings, each teeming with life and plan and being—whose very raison d'etre is the country's and Empire's good and weal. A glance to the left showed me the Houses upstream—Big Ben, like a sixpence set in a doll's house; the turrets of the War Office; the Government offices that line Whitehall, there beyond the green embankment trees—a flash-out, for the girders intervene; here now to the right the dingy Cecil exterior, with the Savoy beside—more of the busy embankment, up which buses and trains pass—there it seems only a stone's throw to Waterloo Bridge, Cleopatra's Needle by the stone wall of the stream. The river has a majesty still. It is all over, and we roll into the station, where one may meet anyone else some time or other—here and at Port Said," as somebody wrote. The porters—girls mostly—are manhandling the luggage. We alight, form up, and march on under the rather low glass roof, clean and vastly different from North Station (I compare the elephant with the gnat); out into the booking hall—kahki, kahki, kahki—all sorts and conditions of it—young subs on their first leave; stout staff brass-hats, strutting and puffing; lean, long, Clyde and Tyne-side lads in glengarry and tam o'shanter, skirted, hairy legs, and plaided kilt, with inevitable fags lit; and muddy, smoking Tommies under battered kit, and "tin hat" strapped behind—with the bandaged Enfield slung on the shoulder. But we were out walking into the world-known highway of theatres and shops and traffic—the Strand! and involuntarily came the joyous, vulgar little tune that yet holds such a wealth of camaraderie in its memories of yesterday:

"Up to mighty Lunnon came an Irishman one day,
There the streets were paved with gold and everyone was gay—"

The dear, old Strand, with its movement and life, —and across, rather conspicuous, were the new boardings on the side of the stone buildings, where the Hun had come not long before. But now we left wheel, and expectation comes again. The Grand Hotel there, on the left; the massive square arch, Latin inscribed, across the hurrying square, was the triumphal span at the new Admiralty—on a granite terrace you glimpsed a gray-black lion couchant, then another, and Nelson's fluted column between, two large fountains beyond—there, behind on the north side, the long National Gallery. We were crossing the road now into Trafalgar Square—a glance down into Whitehall and the office—here on the right, St. Martin's in the fields (Brimstone Corner," the thought came); but we file into the entrance of the Waterloo Tube, and the great picture of busy people, taxis, wheeling buses and trains; the din and noise is shut out; down a flight, down in a big lift (elevator), and into the underground station; a train pulls in, and we move on to Paddington. It was a fine panorama of London, that five minutes at Charing Cross. A wonderful city, old boy. . . . Yours as ever,

ART.

U. S. Air Service, A. E. F., Paris, France,
January 6, 1917.

Dear Mr. Cleveland:

I wish to thank, through you, the senders of a box which I received at Christmas time. It was certainly a treat to have so many good things to eat. At home you can't appreciate how much these things mean to us here, where those things that used to be necessities have become luxuries. As I have not yet finished my training at this flying school I can't describe how it feels to be in an air fight; however, I was four months at the front carrying ammunition, so I can tell you how it looks from the ground.

I remember one evening last summer our ammunition train was held up at the edge of a town that was being shelled. I think the French were afraid the Germans were going to start something serious, for there were about thirty of their planes in the vicinity, going back and forth parallel to the lines, some three or four hundred yards up, others so high that you had to watch intently to see them when they showed in the sunlight. This was about half past eight. It is light quite late here in the summer.

Off in the distance were the Germans flying about, in the same manner. Every once in a while you could see two little machines very high in the air, darting about like sparrows. This is a fight. A fight looks just like a jay chasing a hawk. There is always a great deal of this chasing—the machines are manoeuvring for position, the all important thing. You try to get between the enemy and the sun, and behind him, for he is least protected against an attack from the rear.

While watching two machines circling about and diving at each other you could hear every once in a while, when there was a moment's silence from the guns on the ground, the sound of a machine gun like the noise of an industrious woodpecker.

After two or three minutes one of the machines would scurry home, and the other wait for another fight. We saw several of these fights that evening, but only one plane fell. It was piloted by an American. Over on the German side was a flock of seven machines, flying together like ducks, at eight thousand feet or more. This American flew right over to them. Just as he got there he fell nose down at a terrific speed, until half way to the ground, where he made a small circle. At this time we heard the putt putt of the shots fired at him.

After making this turn he went into a nose dive again, and was just starting to come out of it a little, when he disappeared behind a a hill, not very far fromt he ground, in the direction of the German lines.

We later learned what happened to him. He thought the group of machines was French. It is very difficult to see other planes clearly when you are in the air, so it is not very surprising

that he didn't discover his mistake until it was too late. He turned and tried to get away, but the Boches got him, wounding him in several places, and he went unconscious. Until he had landed on a French trench, with one wing on either side of it, he remembers nothing after being shot at.

Of course it was a very serious thing to come down from so high so quickly, but he lived, and I think he is about well again.

I never heard an explanation of how he could make a landing when unconscious. The machine couldn't land itself, and there is no question but that he was unconscious when they found him. He himself can't explain it. My own theory is that he was conscious at times during the fall, and doesn't remember it. I believe this, for I remember Professor Munsterberg telling of cases of not remembering what went on a minute or two before fainting. A person knocked unconscious in an automobile accident often doesn't remember that anything went wrong.

During these activities in the air, which lasted only a few minutes at a time, the Germans were raising merry hell with the village, of which the houses were mostly piles of debris anyway. This village was on one end of a small horse-shoe formed by a low ridge, the bow of which was toward the German lines.

We were between the two ends of the horse-shoe and could see great flashes of fire spring from behind clumps of small trees which partially covered the slopes of the ridge. You have probably heard a big gun being fired—well, think of this as the noise a bean-blower makes when it goes off, and compare it to the sound of the big gun, multiply that by a hundred and add the noise of a good many shells dropping around, and you will have a faint idea of what it sounded like. Those French guns must have been making things uncomfortable somewhere in the distance.

This whole show had started about 8 and suddenly stopped at half past 9. The surroundings seemed as quiet and peaceful as a deserted village; those surroundings that fifteen or twenty minutes before had been seething with the turmoil of hundreds of engines of modern warfare, any one of which would have made Caesar's army look like the Bingville police force.

I suppose most of the boys I used to know at school are here or coming here. I haven't seen any of them yet.

I hope the old school is keeping up its good work. I am sure I am indebted to it for a great deal that I didn't appreciate while I was there.

Wishing you and the pupils success in the coming year, I am

Sincerely yours,

BENNETT WELLS.

Dec. 31, 1917.

Dear Mr. Cleveland:

Accept my appreciation for the pleasant Christmas surprise which I received in good order today. I assure you that in two senses of the word do I enjoy it, both because of the memories it brings to me and because of its attractiveness for present consumption. And, you may be sure, my comrades can appreciate it from the latter point of view, if not from the former.

Uncle Sam treats us very well, and so also do our friends whom we have left back in the States. I think that our Christmas cheer was very little diminished because of our presence on this side of the water. It is understood, of course, that we missed our home and our friends. But there was no lack of the fine Christmas spirit and joviality of the day. Had we been working at the front we would have felt more unfortunate or forlorn.

We are trying to keep warm and trying to keep fit—far back of the lines. The French are treating us very well, and we are occupying barracks especially built for us.

We are in a typical little French village, the inhabitants of which seems to be, for the most part, old and thrifty couples who scrape a living somehow from their small poultry farms, and who look as if they were waging a losing war against the cold. It would take one about twenty minutes to walk through the one street of the village. There is a church with a graveyard, a school, an epicerie, and a cafe. Our cars are lined up in a courtyard off the place or square, and every

two or three days we brush the snow off and crank the motors, to see that they are still capable of turning over.

Our most exciting event is the receipt of the mail each day. My Christmas packages have been coming along in wonderful style, but something tells me that a great number of American letters are due to arrive. Reginald Embree received his "Blighty" box from C. H. L. S. about a week ago; I was relieved to learn today that mine had not gone astray.

New Year's Greetings to you, Mr. Cleveland, also to Mr. Bramhall and my other good old teachers. Again, my thanks are extended to all who were connected with the Christmas gift.

Very sincerely,

C. MALCOLM DERRY,
C. H. L. S., 1912.

Address:

Priv. C. M. Derry, Automobiliste,
S. S. U. 512, Par B. C. M., Paris.

December 23, 1917.

L. L. Cleveland,
Cambridge High and Latin School.

Dear Sir:

It has been some time since I have been in Cambridge and much longer since I left school, but I was deeply touched by the thought which came from the old school in the shape of such a fine Christmas box. I had been out working in the snow all day, and came in tired and cold to find several letters and a package awaiting me. After reading the letters and opening the package I felt like a new man. In fact, I felt so good that I would have whooped with joy if we had suddenly been ordered to the trenches.

But as far as we can see it will be some time before we see any real trench fighting. My company is in barracks in a small town where they are erecting buildings for a huge hospital unit. There is nothing particularly interesting about the work. It's the country that interests us mostly, also the people and the way they do things. Our town is a typical French village tucked away in a valley between wooded hills which are now white with snow. From these hills one looks down on houses with red roofs set close together along narrow streets. As you get nearer you see that they are all made of rocks gathered from the hills. They look as old as these hills. Each house has two front doors and unless you know the ropes you are as liable to walk into the cow shed as you are to enter the kitchen, because both doors look alike. Every town has one building that towers above all the rest—the church. The normal inhabitants these days are women, old men and children, except in towns where troops are billeted. In this town we have several different races represented. First and foremost are the Americans, the only troops who are full of life and pep. Next are the French, clad in their grey blue uniform, who are always pleasant but who seem to see only one aim in life, the downfall of the Hun, and they go about it with sober faces. The most interesting neighbor is the five-foot French Colonials from Indo-China. Used to a warm climate they suffer intensely from the cold. They wear as much clothing as they can carry around, and in stormy weather a raincoat with a hood which covers their heads. All you can see is two beady black eyes peering out at you, a short, stubby nose, and a mouth too large for the face which is set in a continual grin.

Tomorrow, the day before Christmas, is to be devoted to decorating up all our barracks. Christmas day we are to have the usual good things to eat—turkey, mince pie, etc. Several company parties have been planned, and a show is to be staged by local talent.

I am writing this in a little room built on one end of a long barrack house holding about seventy men. This room is for the two sergeants in charge. We have two cots, one tiered above the other, a stove, and have made shelves and a table and bench. I am sitting at the table with a box of dainty crackers opened before. Suddenly a bugle call sounded five short blasts and our candle had to go out quick, for this is the air-raid call. We rushed out, but as usual saw nothing. We came back and nailed canvas over our window before we again lit the light. Now we are again writing while outside the town is

in total darkness. Well, I started to say that while writing I was also enjoying an honest to goodness American cigarette, and between times eating good things that you all sent. It's rather hard to express how much I appreciate what you all have done, but you can rest assured that it has added a great deal to my Christmas.

Yours sincerely,

PAUL H. PRESTON.

Sgt. Paul H. Preston,
Co. B, 101 U. S. Engineers,
A. E. F.

SENIOR DRAMA

A Spectator

"Wonderful!" "Remarkable!" "Splendid!" "Superb!" flew from lip to lip when on Friday evening, February 8th, "The Hartigan Players," as they should be called, electrified a critical Cambridge audience into outbursts of enthusiastic applause.

Promptly at 7.30 the curtain rose on a play so intensely interesting, so perfectly produced in every detail, that the audience, among whom were veteran theatre-goers, sat spellbound.

An occasional peal of appreciative laughter,—the surreptitious wiping away of real tears, proved how vividly the exquisite pathos and charming comedy were portrayed by the excellent cast.

And the actors—these artists who entered heart, soul, mind and body into the characters which they presented—could it be that these were the senior boys and girls whom we knew as dear familiar school friends?

Space does not admit our dwelling at length on the ability which every member of the cast so clearly manifested.

The fascination, the charm, the delightful womanliness which Dorothy Googins put into her portrayal of Hannah Lightfoot will not soon be forgotten.

The Prince of Wales! Human, indeed, was this merry, light-hearted nobleman, who, yet with rare delicacy, impressed upon us all his high regard and reverence for womanhood. Can you picture a nobler knight or a kinglier king than the one John Collier put before our astonished eyes?

Friendship in its very finest sense was the key-note of Elizabeth Deane's convincing conception of the loyal Betty Trot.

Combining regal grace with gentle dignity Ida Horblit made an ideal queen. Her well modulated speaking voice gave distinction to her impersonation.

Constance Boyer's innate charm and refinement contributed much to her success as the gentle, shrinking, Quaker mother.

A word for those faithful brothers—friends—nay, very guardians of the gallant, headstrong George Tudor, parts excellently acted by Rodney W. Long and Paul Wilkins.

Thomas Herlihy's sincere picture of the stern but kind-hearted uncle, Honest Isaac Axford, well acted by Charles Gadsby; Lord Bute, prime minister, merciless in his methods of preserving England's welfare, admirably interpreted by E. Furniss; Gilbert Coon, perfect as the red-headed, talkative Robert Clegg; all these deserve far more than honorable mention, but here and now we must make haste to salute Miss Lillian Hartigan, director of the Senior Drama. Her excellent instruction, her efficient coaching, her tireless effort made this splendid production possible.

ALUMNI NOTES

For years, the scholastic standing of our school has been the envy of many. We can always point with pride to our high standing in college circles. The record which C. H. L. S. has maintained, is a splendid tribute to the ability of the faculty. Dean Yeomans recently sent Mr. Cleveland a letter in which he dwells upon the merits of our former students, and gives a list of C. H. L. S. alumni, who have attained places in the first and second grades of scholarship on the basis of their work during 1916-1917. The first group includes:

W. G. O. Christianson, '18; Stephen W. Free-

DEBATING

Richard Gerould, '19

At last we're on our way! The Prize Debate is started! Before the Christmas vacation notices were sent to the various rooms, announcing the fact that trials for the Prize Debate would be held in the Science Lecture Hall on January 9. Since school failed to open until after the date set, the trials were postponed until January 22, the next Tuesday after school opened. From nine candidates at the trials the following were chosen: Sage, Lawrence, Weisman, Wirin, Kramer and Gerould. Miss Flanders, Mr. Leonard and Mr. Glasheen acted as judges. In the debate the affirmative will be represented by Lawrence, Gerould, and Wirin, while the negative speakers will be Sage, Kramer, and Weisman. The subject will be the same as for the trials, namely: Resolved, That the Initiative and Referendum Be Adopted in Massachusetts. Mr. Campbell will coach both sides. The prizes, three cups as usual, will be awarded to the members of the winning team. They will also have their names inscribed on a large cup given to the school, several years ago, by Mr. Durrell. The date for the debate has not been set, for, on account of the coal shortage, it is uncertain when it will take place.

Interest in debating in the lower classes still continues at a white heat. On December 23 a prize speaking contest was held in the hall by the four debating societies of the Freshman and Sophomore classes. Anna Dallinger, '20, won first prize, Robert Wolbert, '20, second, George MacLaughlin, '21, third. At an Open Forum on January 25, under the auspices of the same clubs, the fuel question was keenly debated. Meanwhile, in each club, there have been club debates for the purpose of picking representative teams to debate for the club championship. The Sophomore girls have picked as their team to debate with the Sophomore boys, Dorothy McKillop, Harriet Lane and Anna Dallinger. In addition to preparing for their club debates the Sophomore boys feel they can spare the energy to debate with the Juniors, and consequently have challenged them, but have as yet heard nothing from them. Wake up, Juniors! Don't let 1920 get ahead of you!

The Sophomore boys elected the following officers at their semi-yearly election: Secretary, James Kilbourn; Treasurer, Howard Sprott; Directors, Goodwin, Blackmur, and Pearson.

The Freshmen feel quite elated to think that one of their number, Maynard L. Lawrence, made a position on the school prize debating team.

Plans for the great reception and jollification of the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshmen Debating Societies are slowly maturing, and a "get-together" festivity will be soon celebrated.

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man, '19; Horace G. Killam, '18; Allen Lee Whitman, '18.

The second group includes: Edward B. Damon, '19; Richard G. W. Donaldson, '19; John P. Fahy, '19; Russell Gerould, '20; Edwin C. Whittemore, '19.

In the list of scholars of marked excellence sent out by Radcliffe, are the following graduates of C. H. and L. S.: Margaret J. Carver, '14; Constance Wiener, '14; and Bertha S. Wiener, '16.

While the Cambridge High and Latin School feels the loss of Robert B. Boyd and John Malloy, at the same time it feels proud to add their names to the list of those who are doing their bit for Uncle Sam.

Of the $200 to be raised by the school for the two Liberty Bonds purchased, $142.71 has been raised in the three collections. One more collection in March ought to complete the amount.

HOCKEY

Cambridge vs. Winchester

The opening hockey game of the year was played with Winchester on an outdoor rink on Saturday, January 5. Considering that this was our first game of the year the boys did mighty well, losing out 1 to 0. The game was slow and rather uninteresting, the only real flash of life being shown when Ross drove the puck by Fitzgerald for the winning score.

The summary:

Winchester	Cambridge
R. Hart, l. w.	r. w., B. Zarakov
Saltmarsh, c.	r, (Jellison), Foley
P. Hart, r.	c., Garrity
Reynolds, r. w.	l. w., (I. Zarakov), Durant
Ross, c. p.	c. p., Macdonald
Barton, p. g.	p., O'Connor
E. Barton, g.	g., Fitzgerald

Score, Winchester 1, Cambridge 0. Goal, Ross. Referee, Preston. Goal umpires, Coon, Boyd. Timer, Coon. Time, 12 minute periods.

Cambridge vs. Arlington

For the first time in over ten years we beat Arlington at hockey at the Arena, the score being 3 to 1.

Macdonald was the big star, as his brilliant spurts in both periods brought about scores. Zarakov and Fitzgerald also played extremely well.

The first score was made in the first period, when Macdonald carried the puck from behind his own goal the whole length of the rink, took it around his opponents' goal, and finally shot it in from a difficult angle. Lynch, of Arlington, tied the score with a pretty shot which struck the post and carromed into our net. Cambridge again forged into the lead, however, when Zarakov, teamed up with Garrity, brought the puck through the Arlington defence and easily fooled Caddagan. The final score of the game was made in the last few minutes of play. Macdonald again carried the rubber all the way down the rink and, having evaded the outer defence, tallied on a sharp drive into the corner of the net.

The line-up:

Cambridge Latin	Arlington
Durant (I. Zarakov), (Jellison)	l. w.
	r. w., (Hadley), Robinson
Garrity, c.	r., Lynch
B. Zarakov, r.	c., Gillespie
Foley, r. w.	l. w., Merrigan
Macdonald, c. p.	c. p., A. Moore
O'Connor (Sullivan), p.	p., (O'Keefe), Toomey
Fitzgerald, g.	g., Cadagan

Score, Cambridge Latin 3, Arlington 1. Goals, Macdonald 2, B. Zarakov, Lynch. Referee, Allen. Goal umpires, Shaw, Barry. Timers, Molloy, Collins. Time, 15 minute periods.

The Melrose Game

The second successive win for our boys was attained when they nosed out Melrose High, figured as probable winners of the championship in the Interscholastic League race. In a hard-fought game at the Arena Cambridge completely outclassed her opponents and took up her position at the head of the league.

In the second period much of the skill exhibited by both teams was forgotten, and the game developed into a more or less "catch-as-can" affair, with penalty following penalty until the final bell struck.

The only goal of the day was scored when B. Zarakov broke loose in the centre of the rink and by good dribbling and a clever shot tallied through Trites.

Foley, Garrity, Macdonald and B. Zarakov

starred for us, while Leonard, Sanford and Milton excelled for Melrose. The summary:

Cambridge Latin	Melrose High
Durant (I. Zrakov, Brennan)	r. w., Hayes
Foley, r.	c., (Monegan), Leonard
Garrity, c.	r., Sanford
B. Zarakov, r. w.	l. w., (Leonard), Monegan
Macdonald, c. p.	c. p., Milton
O'Connor, p.	p., Cohen
Fitzgerald, g.	g., Trites

Score, Cambridge Latin 1, Melrose 0. Goal, made by B. Zarakov. Referee, Allen. Goal Umpires, Chisholm and McCarthy. Timer, Brice. Time, 15 minute periods.

Cambridge vs. Middlesex

Cambridge Latin won its third straight game at Concord when it defeated the fast Middlesex School by the score of 1 to 0. The game was rather slow, owing to the poor condition of the ice; but nevertheless it was a good one to watch.

Durant played an excellent game for us, scoring our only goal on a difficult shot from the boards. The summary:

Cambridge Latin	Middlesex Academy
B. Zarakov, r. w.	T. Romaine
Garrity, c.	Jenks
Foley, r.	Thayer
Durant (I. Zarakov), l. w.	r. w., (Brown), P. Romaine
Macdonald, c. p.	c. p., Carnegie
O'Connor, p.	p., Bancroft
Fitzgerald, g.	g., Gale

Score, Cambridge Latin 1, Middlesex Academy 0. Goal made by Durant. Referee, Gallagher and Raymond. Goal umpires, Rogers and Boyd. Timers, White and Boyd. Time, 15 minute periods.

Cambridge vs. Newton

Cambridge met her first league setback when she played Newton at the Arena. The least said about the game the better. We were simply outclassed in every department of the game, including "beef" and experience. The well-trained, heavy team whose work has been personally directed by Dr. Martin, of Boston, simply overwhelmed our lighter and less machine-like seven.

The offense machine of Newton seemed to dazzle our forward line, and they appeared powerless before its attack. During the first period, however, the opponents were held back successfully, until, after the intermission, they came back like wildcats and had a field day all to themselves.

Cambridge's clever coverpoint, Macdonald, was knocked unconscious when, near the end of the game, he got away and penetrated to the inner defense, only to be smashed against the boards by Garrity, of Newton. His head hit the ice when he fell, and he was forced to retire from the game.

Foley, the smallest man on the ice, made our only goal in the second period. On the next play he was severely mauled as a return by his husky opponent, who was promptly put off the ice. Fitzgerald, Macdonald, Foley and Zarakov played well for us, while Eaton, Scott and Thomas excelled for Newton. The score:

Newton High	Cambridge Latin
Davidson (Hughes), l. w.	l. w., (I. Zarakov), Durant
Scott, c.	c. e., Garrity
Eaton, r.	r., Foley
Thomas, r. w.	r. w., B. Zarakov
H. Garrity, p.	p., (Molloy), (Jellison), Macdonald
Owen, c. p.	c. p., (Sullivan), O'Connor
Holmes, g.	g., Fitzgerald

The score, Newton High 5, Cambridge Latin 1. Goals by Eaton, Scott 2, Thomas 2, Filey. Referee, Walson. Assitant Referee, O'Hare. Goal umpries, ombard and Howard. Timers, Hoey and Martin. Time, 15 minute periods.

The St. Mark's Game

Met by the roughest reception in the history of the school we lost to St. Mark's 3 to 2. Time and again, Cambridge players were held up against the boards while the official looked the other way.

The goals for St. Mark's were scored by Griscom and Carey, and Barney Zarakov scored both of ours. The feature of the game was Captain

Fitzgerald's work at goal, staving off scores again and again by remarkable stops and earning the title by which he is justly known to many sport writers as the best schoolboy goal tender in Greater Boston. Macdonald, Garrity and Zarakov also played well for Cambridge, while Griscom, Carey and Sears shone for St. Mark's.

The summary:

St. Mark's	Cambridge Latin
Jackson Harris, l. w.	r. w., B. Zarakov
Carey, c.	r., Foley
Laraque, r.	c., Garrity
Harris Sabin, r. w.	l. w., (I. Zarakov), Durant
Griscom, c. p.	c. p., Macdonald
Sears, p.	p., O'Connor
Bradlee, g.	g., Ritzgerald

Score, St. Mark's 3, Cambridge Latin 2. Goals made by B. Zarakov 2, Laraque, Carey, Griscom. Referee, Flectner. Goal umpires, Boyd and Coolidge. Time, 20 minute halves.

Cambridge vs. Boston English

Staging a fine come-back after defeats by Newton and St. Mark's the Cambridge boys defeated Boston English at Russell Field by the score of 3 to 0.

Playing a sharp, passing game throughout, the Latin School boys had their opponents always on the defensive. Boston English was simply overwhelmed by the speed and superiority of Captain Fitzgerald's team, and were taken by surprise a half-dozen times.

Zarakov, Foley and Macdonald did the best work for us, and Handy and March played well for the visitors. The summary:

Cambridge Latin	English High
Durant (I. Zarakov), l. w.	r. w., Lantierney
Garity, c.	r., (Cooney), Gaffney
Foley, r.	c., McDonald
B. Zarakov, r. w.	l. w., Handy
Macdonald, c. p.	c. p., Groog
O'Connor, p.	p., (Gaffney), Cooney
Fitzgerald, g.	g., March

Score, Cambridge Latin 3, Boston English 0. Referees, Blackman and Mulrey. Goal umpires, McGeoch and Nason. Timers, Hermann and Maloney. Time, 15 minute periods.

The Exeter Game

Exeter Academy shooed the jinx on us again at Exeter, and came from behind, winning 2 to 1. Foley made our lone tally in the first half when the puck struck Gilroy in the chest and bounded into Exeter's net after a minute's skirmish. Exeter scored her two goals in the second period, the winning one coming on a lucky shot just as the whistle blew.

The summary:

Exeter	Cambridge
Vernon, l. w.	r. w., B. Zarakov
Rowley, c.	c., Garrity
Powers, r.	r., Foley
Colon, r. w.	l. w., Durant
Hunt, c. p.	c. p., Macdonald
Gilroy, p.	p., O'Connor
Burgess, g.	g., Fitzgerald

The score, Exeter 2, Cambridge Latin 1. Goals by Rowley, Powers, Foley. Referees, Norwood and Nute. Assistant Referee, G. P. Eager. Goal umpires, Cooper and Drummond. Time, 15 minute periods.

Cambridge vs. Browne & Nichols

In the first game of the Cambridge series Cambridge Latin defeated Browne & Nichols by the score of 5 to 0.

In this game Walter Sands, being again on the eligible list, made his little come-back, and did very well, scoring two of the five goals. Garrity, Fitzgerald and Zarakov also played well for us, while Dwight and Cordingley excelled for B. & N.

The summary:

Cambridge Latin	B. & N.
E. Garrity, r. w.	l. w., Nichols
Foley, c.	r., Cordingley
Zarakov, r.	c., Dwight
O'Connor, l. w.	r. w., (Robb), Getty
McDonald, c. p.	c. p., Tucker
Sands, p.	p., K. Sayles
Fitzgerald, g.	g., (Getty), I. Sayles

The score, Cambridge Latin 5. Goals made by Sands 2, Foley, Garrity, Zarakov. Referee, Grannan. Assistant Referee, Kane. Goal umpires, Calowsky and Graves. Time, 20 minute halves.

A meeting was held in the Science Lecture Hall, Wednesday, January 23rd. The object of the meeting was to discuss the annual "Girl Dance," and to explain to the girls about a G. A. A. monogram. It was decided to postpone the Girl Dance until the coal situation improved. The whole association agreed to smile, even though it was greatly disappointed. Miss Janet Schoenfeld, president of the Alumnae G. A. A., spoke at the meeting. She told us that the Alumnae had decided to award monograms to the girls who reach a certain standard of perfection by doing work for, or by bringing credit to, the G. A. A. In order to earn a monogram, any girl, freshman, sophomore, junior or senior, who belongs to the G. A. A., must work faithfully for its benefit. The Alumnae are to decide just what the standard will be, and what actions on the part of the members will deserve credit. The girls will all be numbered to prevent partiality, for then the Alumnae, in deciding the winners, will not know to whom the monogram is being awarded. The physical instructors, and the officers of the Association, are to notice and keep account of the girls who do things worth while. It was decided not to post a list of things deserving credit, but to rely on the girls' sense of worthiness. Some of the suggestions, however, which were made, are: Be on the Honor Roll; attend all meetings of the G. A. A.; attend the Glee Club; be willing to do whatever you are asked, no matter whether you are asked at the last moment or not; serve faithfully on certain committees; do your duty to the Junior Red Cross at school. And there are many other ways to obtain credit.

The meeting ended with every enthusiastic member determined to do all in her power to help the G. A. A. And we hope that the good work of each member will continue for more than one year, for Miss Schoenfeld told us that if a member reaches the standard for two years, she will be awarded a middy blouse with a monogram on the sleeve; and if she reaches that standard for three years, she will be awarded a G. A. A. seal ring.

Through the courtesy of Marjorie and Ruth Ready, two hundred song books, containing our songs, were printed. They will be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross.

A G. A. A. Glee Club has been formed under the management of Helen Higgins. We are delighted to find about sevnty-five girls have joined. Catherine Burke is the leader.

CARD OF THANKS

The Drama Committee of the Senior Class wishes to extend sincere thanks to all in any way connected with the Drama: To Mayor Quinn, to Mr. Whoriskey and the orchestra, to those who were ushers, or who helped in the sale of candy and flowers, and to the patronesses for their generous contributions.

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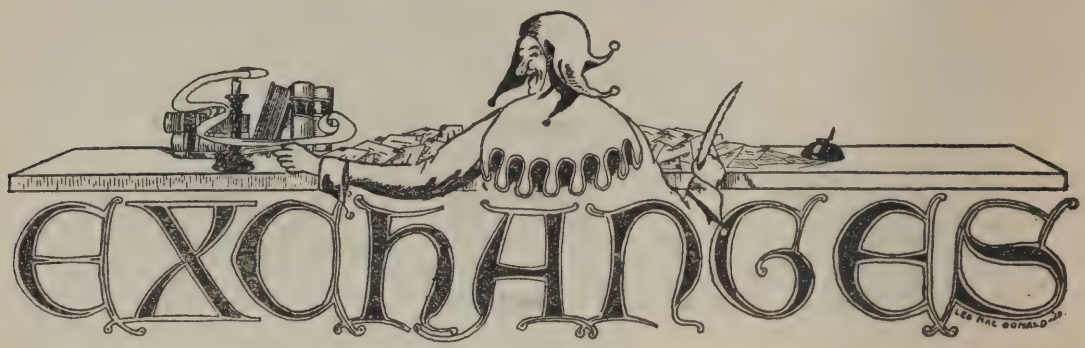

At last the exchanges are beginning to come in. As you can see by comparing the number received this month with those received earlier in the year, the number has swelled to a good figure. We believe that the more exchanges a school paper receives, the better chance it has to improve. We welcome all criticisms from other schools, and we also try to suggest ways for improving their papers. We are glad to see several new exchanges this month, and we hope that we can count on them as regular exchanges. We thank the following papers which have come to us as exchanges:

"The Academy Journal," Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.

"The Academy Student," St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

"The Advance," Salem High School, Salem, Mass.

"The Blue and Gold," Marist College, Atlanta, Georgia.

"The Borromean," St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, Louisiana.

"The Botolphian," Boston College High, Boston, Mass.

"The Brocktonian," Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

"The Brown Alumni Monthly," Brown University, Providence, R. I.

"The Clarion," Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass.

"The Classical Gazette," Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Mass.

"The Columbia Alumni News," Columbia University, New York.

'The Cue," Albany Academy, Albany, New York.

"The Delphian," Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.

"The Distaff" Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.

"The Echo,' Dubuque High School, Dubuque, Iowa.

"The Forum," Lockport High School, Lockport, N. Y.

"The Eltrurian," Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.

"The Grotonian" (monthly and weekly), Groton School, Groton, Mass.

"The High School Herald," Westfield High School, Westfield, Mass.

"The Imp," Brighton High School, Brighton, Mass.

"The Megaphone," Country Day School, Newton, Mass.

"The Megaphone" Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

"The Mirror," Waltham High School, Waltham, Mass.

"The Oracle," Edwards Little High School, Auburn, Maine.

"The Radiator," Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

"The Rayen Record," Rayen School, Youngstown, Ohio.

"The Recorder," Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass.

"The Review," Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

"The Sagamore," Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

"The Sanborn Echo," Sanborn Seminary, Kingston, N. H.

"The Sanfordian," Sanford School, Redding Ridge, Conn.

"The University Weekly News," University of South Carolina.

"The Voice," Concord High School, Concord, Mass.

"The Spectator," Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.

As We See Others

"The Academy Journal"—Your short stories are excellent. A few more class notes, however,

would improve your paper. Your cuts are very cleverly drawn.

"The Brocktonian"—An excellent school paper. All parts of the paper are written in good form.

"The Dubuque Echo"—Thanks for your paper. May we count on you as a regular exchange?

"The Forum"—Your cartoons are very clever. The whole paper is well written, and is one of the best we have received.

"The Dean Megaphone"—Your roll of honor speaks well for the patriotism of your school.

"The Mirror"—We welcome your paper to our exchange column, and hope to see you again.

"The Rayen Record"—Your paper is undoubtedly the best we have received. Every part is admirably written.

"The Voice"—A neat and consise little paper.

As Others See Us

The cover design of the November Review is very artistic. The paper is good all the way through.—The Advance.

A very lively little paper.—The Voice.

Your roll of honor is surely a thing to be proud of, and your cartoons and half tones are excellent.—Blue and Gold.

The reason the Cambridge Review is such a success is because it is well planned and completed. The stories are all good and so are the class notes. Their patriotism is brought out very clearly.—Recorder.

"The Cambridge Review" is one of the best school magazines we have received. It has an excellent editorial department, is well illustrated, and has an unusually interesting athletic department. What stories were printed were fine, but surely there must be more than three stories written at your school, suitable for the "Review."—Newton High School Review.

A very admirable paper. Your cover was very artistic.—Rayen Record.

An exchange department would improve your paper.—Clarion.

When it comes to class notes the "Cambridge Review" is one of the best we have seen.—Oracle.

Your "Roll of Honor" cut is novel and exceptionally good. The idea is also a great credit to your school and paper. Your paper of Athletic cartoons is interesting and clever. In fact, your November number deserves high honorable mention. Such editorials as yours could never be overlooked.—Radiator.

The Cambridge Review for November was good. The cover was excellent, but your cuts were only fair. The cut for the first page was the best. "The Antoinetta" was a very good story and the style was attractive. "My Funeral As Planned When I Am Misused" was very true to life. You certainly have a large number of societies in your school. Don't you think that three and a half pages is too much to give up to class notes which really are not very humorous? It seems as though a few more real jokes could be very well substituted. Your athletics were well written up.—The Cue.

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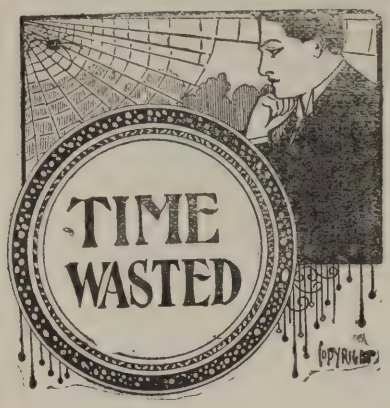

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If you would make your career a prominent and creditable one you must put these same three elements into the development of it. If you would be more successful than the average, you must develop more ability than the average; for your future depends upon your ability,—but your ability depends upon your training.

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Call and talk matters over. The Cambridge School is located at 689 Massachusetts Avenue—other Fisher Colleges at Somerville, Roxbury and Waltham.

This advertisement was written by Benjamin J. Phillips, a student in the Advertising Department of Fisher Business College. Our Best Advertisement is the Success of Our Graduates.

Educate for a Position instead of a Job

Most any one should be able to "get a job" of some kind in these busy war time days, but will simply "getting a job" satisfy you for any length of time?

Do you really want a simple, ordinary, every-day-sort of a position such as you can pick up with the limited amount of business training you now have? Will you be happy working in places and under conditions that are not the best, or according to your liking; or would you prefer to let us put you in perfect working trim for a position that is really worth while?

Don't you know,—if you don't, you should,—that this is our particular business to pick you up where we find you in your educational work and make you over into a real up-to-date business man or woman, able to hold a position that is a real position where your advancement is sure and certain, and your opportunities the very best?

We have spent more than a quarter of a century in doing this particular kind of work and we can do it to perfection,—because we have trained hundreds, yes, thousands, of young men—and young women who are now occupying lucrative positions in the best and most prosperous business houses of Greater Boston.

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Students may enter any Monday, and if it is not possible to go to Day School may attend the Night School.

Fisher Business College, Cambridge, is located at 689 Massachusetts Avenue — our other schools in Somerville, Roxbury and Waltham. If you have friends or acquaintances in any of these cities, we shall be pleased to furnish them complete information regarding Fisher Business College in their home town.

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Scores of other past students who occupied positions paying from $75.00 to $150.00 a month have stepped into the $2,000.00, $3,000.00 and $4,000.00 a year class.

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Your present education is very good—but the intensive, special business training you get at Fisher Business College is just what you need—what you want—what you should have—then why not get it?

Students say: "Your work is just what I needed to put me in shape for a good business position." "Your teachers have the interest of the pupils in mind always—and send them along just as fast as they can go." "I am very much pleased with my progress in your school—no class work—individual instruction, and help just when you need it, and without asking."

Fisher Business College is not in competition with the High School—it is an auxiliary—picks you up where it finds you—puts on the finishing touches—gives you the quick, yet thorough essentials of business—then puts you in a good paying position and continues to look after your interests as long as you need the help of the school.

Fisher Business College is a thorough, up-to-date school, where business is taught as it is practiced in the "busy marts of trade"—supplying only the practical, everyday kind of studies—omitting all useless and unnecessary subjects or those which do not have any direct use in business. Your time is short at best and you should spend it on the studies you expect to put into daily use when you go to work.

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Cambridge Massachusetts

The CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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Junior Red Cross

Over the top in six days! That is the splendid record made by our students in the recent Junior Red Cross drive. From the time when the United States entered the War, we have had splendid opportunities for displaying genuine school spirit—the sort that in its influence extends beyond the pale of mere school activities and directs the actions of the student-body in municipal, state, and even national affairs. Last spring the school was called upon to furnish boys for state-farm work; the required number and more was raised and enlisted in the services of farmers. Early in this school year a bazaar was held in the school from the proceeds of which we sent forty-one Christmas boxes to C. H. & L. S. men in France. Soon after this came the Liberty Loan of which the students bought two one hundred dollar bonds, thus endowing a prize speaking contest to be held annually in the school.

Notwithstanding these many calls upon the students for money, the Junior Red Cross Drive was started a short time ago with the result that in six days we had a 100 per cent membership and a balance of five hundred dollars. The pupils were not satisfied with the mere paying of membership fees, but have formed knitting classes in which three hundred girls are enrolled, sewing classes made up of two hundred and fifty girls, and surgical dressing classes for boys are to be organized when competent instructors can be obtained. And so may the good work continue, every new call being responded to willingly and cheerfully, for what are the greatest efforts which can be made here compared with the sacrifices our boys are making and those so cheerfully "over there"?

The Longfellow Prize Medal

Henry W. Hardy, '18, was the recipient of the Longfellow Prize medal, his essay on "Longfellow's Dramatic Poems" having been judged the best of those submitted. This makes the seventh year that our school has had the honor of one of its pupils receiving the medal. The subject assigned was far more difficult than any given in the last eleven years of the contest, and much credit is due Hardy for the excellent manner in which he dealt with it.

Enough for past and present honors; the underclassmen must not slight this annual contest simply because we have so far been successful. There are two reasons for all eligible entering the contest next year: first, a purely selfish one, the benefit each one will receive from reading Longfellow and studying thoughtfully about him will be invaluable even though he or she does not win a medal; second, each person owes it to the school not that it may selfishly carry off the honors, but that the high standard set by former pupils in this contest may be upheld or even raised.

The 1918 Year Book

Seniors, you've done splendidly this year with regard to contributions for school and patriotic needs; now there comes a call most important and vital in its influence upon each one of you personally and upon the class as a whole. Surely we all want a year book, and every one intends to subscribe sooner or later. But remember this: Money is needed to start the work of publishing and now is the time to subscribe if you want a book. In order that the book may be a success, every Senior must be responsible for two subscriptions. Some can give more than two subscriptions and everyone can talk it up among his friends. The whole outcome rests with you. Don't fail your class!

Do Away mit Deutschem?

Oh Patriotism! What deeds are done in thy name! For now there has come before the public a movement to do away with German courses in our public schools, a movement which is encouraged by men of unquestionable patriotism. To be sure, going without sugar, joining the Red Cross, buying Liberty Bonds, or War Savings Stamps, or sending books to our boys at camps or "the Front," all this is well enough for less patriotic persons. But these "puissimi homines" are doing much more; exterminating that deadly menace to our success in the War—courses in German in public schools, books that hinder our great plans for ships, munitions, and airplanes because they tell how a petty German prince became enamoured of a pretty bar maid, or the experiences of an American family in Berlin, or Grimm's fairy tales which every one has had told to him many times in childhood but which, read in German, have a deadly effect upon the rising generation of America making them followers of the Kaiser and hostile to their native land! Or take the book read by the third year German students, "William Tell." How that poem praises all that is autocratic and monarchial in government; surely that poem if read makes one the eternal ally of Germany! Of course the greatest literary geniuses of Germany wrote with the sole purpose of influencing people in America to turn against their country in favor of Germany! As for the valuable books on science for college men and others let us suggest hiring men to translate them and then executing these men as the safest and surest means of preventing the deadly effect of the German language upon United States citizens!

LONGFELLOW'S DRAMATIC POEMS

Henry W. Hardy

The dramatic poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, although not as well known or as well appreciated by the ordinary reader as are his descriptive poems, are of great merit, and rank high in the opinion of the student of poetry. Longfellow's works in dramatic form show clearly the desire of a versatile author to express himself in every province of his art. The fact that he possessed the power to create realistic plays, which for beauty of expression are unsurpassed in English literature, establishes more firmly his reputation as one of the world's greatest authors.

As a play, "The Spanish Student" remains Longfellow's greatest accomplishment. In 1842, the poet returned to Cambridge from his second visit to Europe, invigorated and with his outlook greatly broadened. His new ideas found expression in "The Spanish Student." This fanciful tale, full of national qualities, shows that Longfellow had studied and loved the traits of the country about which he wrote. It also exemplifies his ability as a poet—his imagination, his style, and his sentiment. The theme of the play was taken from "La Gitanella" by Cervantes, and was suggested to the poet by the sensation which Fanny Essler, the danseuse, was at that time making in this country. The plot is not intricate, but it is well executed. A beautiful Spanish dancer is the central figure of the

story, for whose love a wealthy noble and a student are contending. The play does not abound in sentimentalities as might be expected in a work of this type. It is, on the contrary, a simple, natural story, with a few descriptions and a song or two. The best known lines of the play and one of the most beautiful of serenades is the song beginning,

"Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!"

Though "The Spanish Student" may not be adapted for production on the stage, we cannot agree with the harsh criticism of Edgar Allen Poe, who said that it was not a play at all and was beautiful only when read as a poem. It is interesting to note that, despite the severe criticisms of Poe, Margaret Fuller, and other writers, within fifteen years forty thousand copies of "The Spanish Student" were sold. It is a brilliant picture of a gay people, and, whether or not the play is suitable for production on the stage, we must admire the genius of the author.

The publication of "Christus: A Mystery," in 1872, meant more to Longfellow than any other work he had accomplished. For thirty years he had cherished the desire to write a lofty and elaborate poem about the aspects of Christendom in the different ages of its existence. "Christus" is divided into three parts: the time of Christ; the middle ages; and the present time.

"The Divine Tragedy" is the first part of the trilogy. This is a dramatization of our Lord's life. Here are familiar scenes with a genuine oriental background, familiar words in beautiful and melodious phrases, and familiar characters in the roles of living actors. Mary Magdalene, Pontius Pilate, and even Barabbas, are vividly portrayed. By changing slightly the style of writing, Longfellow has cast a fresh light on the stories of the Bible. The poem covers the period from the vision of Habakkuk to the death and resurrection of Christ.

The second part of "Christus" had been published nine years after "The Spanish Student" under the name of "The Golden Legend." This is an enchanting romance of mediaeval times, skilfully narrated and rich in its variety of metres. What varied and rare material Longfellow has gathered into this legend—the services of the monks, the luxury of the abbots, the Miracle Play, the devil Lucifer, the weakly sentimental Prince Henry, and the devout and self-sacrificing Elsie, she who offers to sacrifice her life for her prince, because he cannot be cured

"Unless
Some maiden, of her own accord,
Offers her life for that of her lord,
And is willing to die in his stead."

In the gathering of material, no poet has surpassed Longfellow. The reason for his superiority lay in his accurate and extensive reading of mediaeval literature. As Ruskin declared, Longfellow entered more closely into the spirit of the monk than had any theologian who had given his life's labor to the analysis. However his version of mediaevalism is not absolutely true. He emphasizes the ideal rather than the uglier and more incomplete side of life. Even Lucifer and his devils are pictured as gentle and gracious souls. Notwithstanding this fault, if it can be called one, "The Golden Legend" is a skilful narrative, powerfully and easily handled, and it charms us by its many beautiful pictures of country and city life in the middle ages.

The last part of the trilogy, "The New England Tragedies," deals with early colonial times. The first of these dramas, "John Endicott," was founded upon the persecution of the Quakers in Boston; the second, "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms," upon the old-time belief in witchcraft. In his journal, Longfellow mentioned a projected third drama by which he hoped to be "able to harmonize the discord of 'The New England Tragedies,' and thus give a not unfitting close to the work." As this was never written, it is probable that the poet considered

the "Tragedies" as fulfilling the requirements of the trilogy.

The public was not in a receptive mood for "Christus" when it was published. Had it been written fifty years earlier when religious poems were popular, it would no doubt have received its due praise. Longfellow was not given full credit for his beautiful and inspiring work at that time, but we who read it now appreciate his conscientious efforts and his scholarly results.

The publication of "Christus" was followed in 1872 by the writing of "Judas Maccabaeus," a shorter dramatic poem in the same vein. This is a story of the defeat of Antiochus in his plans to Hellenize the Jews and to model Jerusalem after Athens. The principal event is the recapture of Jerusalem by the Jews under Maccabaeus. We agree with the note which Longfellow made in his diary on December 5, 1871: "The subject of this tragedy is a very striking one—the collision of Judaism and Hellenism." The story is forcibly and impressively presented.

"The Masque of Pandora," written in 1875, is a pretty play, pagan in sympathies, but not of a popular type. In 1881, at the Boston Theatre, Miss Blanche Roosevelt produced this play as an operetta, with a score written by Alfred Cellier. Though the production was creditably given, it was not favorably received by the public.

"Michael Angelo," begun according to Longfellow's diary in 1872, was the last poem to be published in dramatic form and appeared about a year after the poet's death. In this, the Cambridge bard revealed himself and his inner thoughts, and it is probable that the poem was not intended for the eye of the public. "I want it," said the poet, "for a long and delightful occupation." So he kept "Michael Angelo" before him—brooding over it, occasionally changing a line or word, adding new parts and rejecting others. The remodeling of "Michael Angelo" was never completed, but was a continuous and pleasing occupation for its master. Longfellow declared his own artistic creed more distinctly in this dramatic poem than in any other of his works, for the utterances of the great artist are undoubtedly the sentiments of the author. The themes are drawn from experiences in his own life—experiences which are familiar to every man. People love "Michael Angelo," not only for the interesting portrayal of the great sculptor, but also for the revelation of Longfellow's attitude toward life, art, and death.

It is regrettable that the dramatic poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow have not been more widely read. Would that every one might read them and be influenced by their nobility. As we read them, we feel the deep emotions and the goodness of the author, and we love and honor the great poet who created them.

THE STAR

Down the river, noiselessly,
Like a phantom
Glided our canoe.

It was Night,
And in the dark and mystic sky,
Like a great jewel, shining
In its shadowy setting,
Was a solitary Star.

A hopeless labyrinth
Seemed the sinuous Stream; enveloped
In a rising ghostly Vapor,
Which hid from our sight
The Way.

But truly and surely were we guided
On our course
By the bright
Unwavering Star above.

And if at times, uncertain
We hesitated
At a branching of the River,
We had only to look up—
And there,
Bright, clear, and unfaltering,
Was the Star, as before—
Showing us the Way.

And thus, at last,
Confident, safe and unafraid,
We reached Home.

Ida Horblit, '18.

THE HIGHER SERVICE

Dorothy R. Googins, '18

Sunset in Arcady! The lush, green earth lay bathed in the golden twilight; the breezes, heavy-laden with the scent of numberless flowers, stole softly through the woodlands and kissed the little birds good night; and somewhere a nightingale was singing.

The Writer-man pushed back his work with a sigh, and walking to the open casement looked out on the peaceful scene. It was all so beautiful here in Arcady! Why should he leave, why go back to a world of discord and strife, where men were killing one another in bloody battlefield and ruined town? He could do so little there, amid the carnage and confusion, and here —ah here, his book! It would soon be finished; yes, of course he must stay to complete his book. And yet his country—but what had his country ever done for him? His life was all that he had—his life and his book!

There came a soft knock at the door; with a start he pulled himself together—he had been fighting out the same old problem again; he had made his decision so often, why should he trouble himself further? With these thoughts in his mind, he crossed the room and opened the door.

On the threshold stood Fanchette, the little French peasant maid, wide-eyed and quivering with excitement. She looked up at him imploringly, and lisped in her pretty French, "Oh M'sieu, will you please come with me? A poor English soldier-boy from the western frontier is dying in our house. We found him by the roadside. He does not know French, and so I came to you, who are English. Please, M'sieu!"

The Writer-man looked down at the trembling, eager little figure before him, and then taking his coat, and glancing reluctantly at the unfinished manuscript piled high on his desk, he went forth into the evening with his petite guide. He was leaving Arcady forever.

After a short walk, the two reached a little cottage where Fanchette lived, and going inside made their way to the bed where the dying man lay. He was very young, this soldier, a mere boy, and in great suffering. The good old peasant woman had done her best, but the lad was too far gone for mortal aid, and was already slipping away.

The Writer-man sat down beside him; the room was very still. It was quite dark now; Fanchette brought in a candle and placed it on the table, where it gleamed fitfully, flickering now and then as the night wind blew in the casement. The boy turned his face from the light with a little moan. A lock of his heavy golden hair fell over his forehead. The Writer-man, looking down at this youthful figure, was realizing things he had never thought of before.

The lad stirred restlessly and began to speak. The man knelt at the bedside in order to catch the faint and almost unintelligible words the boy was murmuring.

"Mother—I have fought—as a man should, you—told me—. Ah; It is night—now. I'm—tired. I'm going—to fight again—when I feel better,—to fight—" he clutched the cold hands of the Writer-man, and starting up, cried triumphantly, "I will fight for my country—and my God." With a sob he fell back, inert.

The candle flamed brightly and went out, and with that light went the spirit of a lad who had given all he had.

The Writer-man rose as if in a trance, and walked blindly toward the door. As he stepped out into the solemn night, a little hand clutched his sleeve and Fanchette whispered, "But M'sieu will not leave us alone."

He turned on her wonderingly and replied, "No, Fanchette. I will send the padre and old Pierre up from the village."

"But where will M'sieu be?"

"I will be on my way to the western front."

CROW'S NEST — BLACK BROOD

Herold von Holzhausen, '19

Old Kye, his huge misshapen hands clutching the crooked Cadima stick that he always used when the devil of rheumatism was upon him, thumped it violently upon the floor. With an angry swish of skirts the girl faced him. She was tall, like her father, had his clean cut features, but her eyes were the inscrutable black of her Indian mother.

Her mouth set itself into a thin, sinister line of scarlet; the black eyes began to smoulder like moistened matchheads.

"I mean it," repeated the old man, again whacking the floor. "I'm klootchie of this shebang yet awhile, I guess. An' you're goin' to mind what I say. This dude hangin' 'round here all summer has meant no good to you or to any of us. If Totem here had the gumption of a sick water-rat—"

The old man bobbed his head disdainfully toward the young giant who sat huddled in a chair by the kitchen stove. Beneath the blowsy red of the young man's face there showed a deeper surge of color as he reared his mammoth form erect.

"Belay, there, Kye," he growled. "It ain't my system to crowd myself onto no woman. If Theckla there likes them help-fingered folks better'n me, why, let her sort her own fish!"

"Say, Theckla, I and Totem took a whirl at that new trap. Remember that night, Totem? We came back to Curlew's sticks cleaner than a Sunday clotheshorse. Why, cause that milk-baby, help-friend of Theckla, there, was palaverin' 'round in his fancy cruiser—and he's a spotter-government, I tell ye!" he shrieked.

"Calico de-aub," he shouted. "Here you stay; no more school—peel spuds—do the wash—set out the chuck—"

The girl's lip curled disdainfully, and the ophidian eyes glittered.

"No high falutin' airs with me," he screamed, his voice shrilling and cracking. When you get to think you're better'n me and Totem, just remember who you are. Your mother was a klootchman—a Siwash Indian—and you're another; black nest—crow brood."

The girl quivered. The Indian blood showed itself for an instant. But calming herself, she walked away. Could it be true that he was an officer? Surely her father would not lie. But then she needed companionship that long summer. She must—but then her father's existence would be threatened.

Blood in many cases is thicker than water.

A blast of unusual fury attacked the house. The Puget Sound outside was a seething mass of foam, as it rushed on the rocks, only to break there and struggle with the next oncoming wave. Totem slapped his hands together joyfully. "Listen to that, Kye! Say, I guess the old Seagull won't ramble to-night. Ketch us! They might as well try to ketch the spume from a wave cap. I—"

"I'm going to-night," interrupted Theckla suddenly.

"You!" exclaimed Totem, "no, you ain't."

Kye shook his head at Totem and Totem subsided.

"Her mother did, and she did before she went East." Totem grunted half fearfully and partly in disdain. Theckla surely had lost her sea-legs since she had been down East.

"Put 'em on," said Totem gruffly, handing her a tarpaulin and a sou'wester which had been lying in the cockpit. "I want you to steer."

Without a word she donned the storm clothes, laid her hand to the thick oak tiller, and braced her body against the combing. Born had she been to the sting of the flying salt chuck spray and the scream of the angry winds, yet never before had she faced such wild abandonment of sea and sky. Every ounce of her sturdy strength she laid against the tiller to hold the ship to the gale. Even then, playing out the jigger, hauling the jib for every fraction of speed that the Seagull owned, Totem was forced occasionally to give her a hand. Her muscles ached, and she

was nearly blinded by the seas which, breaking at the bow, swept the deck with gunshot velocity. But truly she ran their course, until, doubling Lawrence Point, they sailed into the lee of Orcas Island and into a sea comparatively calm.

Totem crossed the cockpit and took the tiller from her hand. "We're goin' about. You just hang tight. I got an idea old Georgia Bay is some skittish to-night. Just you go aft lively, and when I sing out, haul in that jigger."

Then Totem, without further word, winged out before a gentler summer breeze, and sailed the Seagull as it was never sailed before. He held her to the gale until her shrouds shrieked like strings of giant harps tuned to dissonance; until her rail was a black streak shooting through the phospherence break of contrary winds. With never a light on port or starboard, her black sails as somber as the sky above, the little ship sped on, on with the night.

Theckla clung to Totem's arm to save herself from falling. He turned his head and shouted in her ear: "Yes, honey, you're going back on private money of your own—if ever we make shore. Danger? No more'n usual. Fifty times Kye and I have fought the sea for you—fish piratin'—to make you a lady—"

Theckla smiled in the darkness; if he only knew her purpose.

Then began to loom ahead like tall ghosts, the peeled-bark whiteness of the fish trap pilings. With a heave that made the rudder creak, Totem put the Seagull about; but such was the impetus of the craft that it went crashing into the pot and spiller, rending the net, tearing some of the piles from place. Lines made fast fore and aft to the remaining timbres held the Seagull in place, though the seas broke upon the deck until the scuppers spouted.

Asprawl—sometimes buried completely by the waves, Totem began clawing in the web of the spiller. Soon a threshing mess of silver salmon lay in the pocket of the submerged netting. With a long-handled board the pirate began scupping up the fish and dumping them into the fish-well on the after deck. With the well filled to its capacity, the batch battered down, Totem cast off—the Seagull heeled to the breeze and was away.

And now to send the Seagull horning to the snug bay before the cabin of Old Kye required nerve, coolness, seamanship; for they had to beat into the hurricane, a short leg hauled on tack, and then another.

"You're goin' to sail her home, Theckla," Totem leaned over and shouted in her ear. "I'm goin' to gill the fish. Can't take no chances losin' your school money."

Unheeding her cry of fearful protest, Totem shoved open the hatch, climbed down the companion ladder, and closed the hatch behind him.

Gill the fish at such a time! Had he thus desperately, deliberately planned her death and his own? the girl asked herself. Had the man gone mad? One despairing cry she uttered, "Totem!" The call was no more than a whisper against the gale. Then she set her hand to the tiller, her fingers, gripped until they ached, grew numb.

On! On! Over on the starboard tack. The jigger, winged out too far, caused the Seagull to yaw wildly. She dared not lose her hold to claw in; so she laid the boat an added dangerous point to the wind. On! On! Into the lee of Smith Island. Just when it seemed her strength must fail and that she must abandon herself, the boat, and Totem to the storm went the Seagull. Here, for a space, it rode on an even keel. But brief was this respite. Two hundred yards was another wind-swept open.

Suddenly, ahead, she caught sight of a flash thrice repeated. What was it? Oh, yes, she remembered now, it came from the deck of the fish commissioner's boat cruising back and forth along the edge of an area comparatively calm. It was the signal to her, asking for an answer—flashes that would say whether Totem or Old Kye were still in the open or had returned with their booty into a trap set for them.

Her promise! It seemed for an instant as if

her heart would beat its way into her bosom. Then, as she contemplated the terrible possibilities of her own treachery and disloyalty there was given but the supreme torture of a merciless, clear vision of her own wretched, unworthy self. She grew suddenly, strangely calm. What, she asked herself whimsically, would a white girl do, a girl all white, a girl who, in a moment of madness, had done a thing which she would willingly give her life to repair? What under like stress would an Indian girl do? What would her own mother have done? Her mother, quiet and intense, but where was concerned one of her own, of a courage fanatical, her mother would have done this thing which she was about to do.

Holding the tiller in one hand, Theckla leaned and with the other dropped securely into place the heavy metal clasp that locked the companion hatch. There, ahead, its trim lines now dimly visible, was the commission boat. Again the signal flashed from the forward deck. That instant the yawl passed from the sheltered zone again into the sways of wind and sea. Straight forward she headed the Seagull. Nearer! Nearer!

The Seagull was almost upon her. Theckla sighted along the bowsprit, shifted the tiller a fraction. Fairly amidships she struck it. There was a crash, a smothered shout, a cry in the darkness.

The heavy yawl staggered under the impact, shook the water from her like a Spaniel. Then on she went, having suffered no harm save the ripping free of her martingale stays.

Pounding, thundering at the hatch was Totem. Theckla looked about. Astern, swiftly rushed by lengthening fathoms, the sea and night guarding her secret. She slipped the hasp, the hatch moved, and Totem staggered to the deck.

"You struck!"

"Yes, a log or something." She pointed to the dangling stays.

The entrance to the placid, sheltered bay lay far ahead. Thither she headed the craft, and came safely up beside the dolphin.

"Gee, mackerel, honey, you're some sailor. I wouldn't a' missed it for a million silvers. We got a great haul, too. Its your money. You'll have plenty to go back."

"Go back? Never! Dad's right! Black nest—crow's brood. A Siwash a klootchman! Here I belong, here I stay."

One of Totem's great paws settled on the girl's heaving shoulders.

"Theckla, honey, I never said nothin' like that —never thought it. And Old Kye was mad. If you really want to go back—"

"Never!"

In a wild paroxysm of tears and tearing sobs the girl threw her arms about the giant's burly neck.

There is an exact instant at midnight, when a mariner is taking observations, when there is comprehended in the glass an arc of circle; at one end the dead black of the horizon, at the other end the brightest star in the zenith. Just as the Seagull came to rest beside the home buoy, the little ship's clock in the cabin struck eight bells—midnight.

Don't growl at our new postal rates;
To chuckle would be wiser;
Each time you lick that extra stamp
You help to lick the Kaiser.

G. H. C.

THE MAYFLOWER

When the robin calls to Nature
And Spring's harbingers appear,
When the mountain brooks are rushing
And the bluebird's call sounds clear,

When the pussy's fur grows grayer
And the buds begin to show,
When the great sun greets the springtime
With a brighter, warmer glow,

Then peeping from its mossy bed,
Called by an April shower,
Lifts its shy pink fragrant head—
The modest, sweet mayflower!

Ruth M. Miles, '20.

RED CROSS RHYMES

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Knitting a long gray sock.
For he said, said he,
"Even boys like me
Can give Kaiser Bill a knock!"

Sing a song of rifles
A pocket full of shot;
Many, many Boches
Killed upon the spot.

When the war is over
We'll all begin to sing,
And won't it be a happy time,
When we hear peace bells ring!

Kaiser Wilhelm sits on a wall,
Kaiser Wilhelm's going to fall;
All of his horses and all of his men
Can't put Wilhelm back again.

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle!
We'll wish on a bright new moon
That the war may end
When our men we send—
And that can't be any too soon.

Dickory, dickory dare!
The bombs fly up in the air!
The men in brown
Bring Boches down,
Dickory, dickory dare.

Grace MacGarvie, '18.

Mary is a Red Cross girl,
New members tries to win,
And ev'rywhere that Mary goes
She wears a Red Cross pin.

Marion Stevens, '18.

Little Miss Horner
Sat in a corner
Knitting a soldier's hose.
She made stitch after stitch
Without any hitch,
And said, "Oh, see how it goes!"

Lillian Berg, '18.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a knitting, sir," she said.
I will go with you, my pretty maid."
"You're surely welcome,, sir," she said.

"Maiden, maiden, quite ambitious,
How does your knitting grow?"
"With busy hands and eager eyes
And stitches all in a row."

Josephine M. McDonald, '18..

Mary, Mary, not contrary,
How does your knitting go?
Stitch by stitch, and skein by skein,
And garments made row after row.

Ada Vail, '18.

A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar—
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.

No shirker, but worker—hard worker am I—
To work for Red Cross I choose.
There's knitting, sewing, or picking moss,
Or even paying our dues.

Louise Fader, '18.

Three little maids to France did go
All on a summer's day;
For Red Cross nurses, you must know
Care more for work than play.

The bravest soldier needs them there
That he may not go wrong;
The wounded soldier needs their care
To make him well and strong.

Veronice Dinsmore, '18.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He joined our secret service corps
To catch all German spies.

His mother was a Red Cross aid,
Of famous Cambridge town;
She helped him win in his crusade,
A place of great renown.

Hilda Lindquist, '18.

THE GHOSTS OF THE C. L. S.

Richard de Rochemont, '20

I was studying in the Assembly Hall during the last period that day, and it seemed that I fell into a doze. When I awoke it was midnight, and the moonlight was streaming through the windows. The statues set about the hall assumed strange shapes, seeming almost to come to life. About the stage sat a strange gathering in which I recognized some of the Spirits of the School.

Besides the speaker's desk I perceived a form which I knew at once to be the Spirit of School Loyalty. He was apparently the presiding officer, for when he tapped with a ghostly gavel the assembly came to order at once.

"This year the annual meeting of the Associated Spirits of the Cambridge Latin School takes on a new and deeper meaning," spoke the Spirit of Loyalty, "we have a new member for this Association, the Spirit of Patriotism. You have all met him at celebrations, on holidays and at certain other times, but it has been only a passing acquaintance. This year he has come to remain in the heart of the School for all time, to become as permanent a tradition as our senior member, the Spirit of Learning. He will make a much desired addition to our roster of members. The Secretary will now call the rolls."

A tall, stately shade arose. I recognized the Spirit of the Review. In his deep, sonorous voice, as clear as a bell, he spoke.

"The Spirit of Athletics."

"Here," responded a slightly battered wraith. "Present and in rather good condition, with the exception of a few slight injuries from which I will soon recover."

"The Spirit of Indifference."

Deep silence. Then one of the others spoke.

"He is not here. When the new member, the Spirit of Patriotism, entered the meeting, he left."

"Let his name be stricken from the rolls!" thundered the Spirit of Loyalty. "In these times of stress, such as he have no place in this land. Proceed, Secretary."

"The Spirit of Learning."

"Present," spoke an old spectre, with a long white beard resting upon his bosom, "present and to be accounted for. I am always ready when I am needed and I am surely a necessity in these times."

The gathering applauded, and the old Spirit sat down, greatly pleased. The Secretary continued his reading. Several minor spirits responded, the self-satisfied and stately Spirit of the Seniors, the Spirit of the Juniors, a jovial and rollicking shade; that of the Sophomores, a callow and lanky spirit, and lastly, the curious Spirit of the Freshmen, a spectre of a decidedly green tinge.

The presiding officer then administered the oath to the new member, who swore to stand by the school, never leave his abode in the hearts of the scholars, and do "all that which was his duty as a true spirit and tradition."

The assembly applauded. The Spirit of Patriotism stepped forward.

"Fellow-members, this is a time of grave danger, a time when we must sacrifice our all for the good of the nation, a time when we can no longer do things by halves; a time for united action. Though we cannot all take our place on the fighting line, we can do our part here. We must work until we are exhausted and then work more; we must give and give until it hurts, and yet give more. We must back up our fighters who have given their all, that we may 'achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.' We must prepare ourselves to take our place in this great struggle for justice and liberty, for the rights of all nations, against autocracy and militarism, for the great and glorious end of a world made 'safe for democracy!' Will you follow in this great work?"

The gathering cheered wildly.

"We will! We will!"

I awoke, the bell was ringing to end the period and it was only a dream! Only a dream, but yet how full of meaning.

NOTES

1918

In French III: Miss Rogers says that although the names of European countries are feminine they don't act like it now.

FORCE OF HABIT

Mr. D-w-y: "Is that right, Keegan?

J. Keegan: "Yes'M."

Lemon says a kiss is never declined. He's luckier than most of us.

Collier: "What's the matter with you?"

Jennings: "I just swallowed fifteen cents. I wonder if you noticed the change in me."

In the Latin class "i consonant" was being discussed. The teacher made mention of the fact that "i consonant" was sometimes written as "j." "Well," said one of the pupils, "I never knew i was a j before."

Miss Townsend: "Donaghy, what is the English cognate for 'adieu'?"

Donaghy: "So long."

Garfinkle had just been translating in "Wilhelm Tell" that part which tells about the murder of the oppressive king.

Miss Hardy: "Why were the people glad that the king had been killed?"

G.: "Because he wasn't likely to oppress them any more."

Titus, second prince of the Flavian line, was the original Boy Scout. He did a "good turn daily." Truely, there is nothing new under the sun.

McFadden was talkative in the geometry class.

Miss Forrest: "McFadden, either you or I must stop talking."

Sotto Voce: "Keep it up, Mc."

Collier was taking down dictation with a soft lead pencil, and had to put some force in it, especially dotting i's. A series of words happened to take many i's and quite a bit of noise was heard.

Miss S——: "What are you doing, Collier, hammering nails?"

AFTER THE WAR GEOGRAPHY

Miss R. Johnson stated on a German paper that Paris was the capital of Germany and that Washington was the capital of Austria-Hungary.

Mr. J-c-b: "In 1807 the embargo act was passed. Now how do you say embargo backwards?"

Miss Parsons: "O grab me."

HEARD IN CIVICS

Miss W.: "Could you tell me what the law about 'homesteading' is?"

Mr. J.: "I don't remember the exact wording of the law, but the meaning is this: The government is willing to bet you 160 acres of land against $14 that you can't live on it, without starving to death, for five years."

Miss Sampson: "Hot air rises, doesn't it?"

Rafetry: "Yes, I notice there are a lot of six-footers around here."

FAMILIAR SAYINGS

Mr. Campbell: "Dot i's and j's."

Mr. Derry: "Tempus fugit."

Wilkins: "I haven't got that far yet."

Miss C. Esson: "I only did as far as page—— line ——." (About a paragraph before the part she was called upon for.)

Almost any pupil: "I don't know."

In the discussion of Milton's "L'Allegro" Mr. Campbell asked for the depreciatory meaning of the word "crew."

"Well, Coon?"

"Cambridge Latin Crew," was the answer.

Woe betide the one who drops a paper at recess while Mr. Bramhall or Mr. Coolidge is around.

Mr. Campbell's sixth hour English class were discussing feasts sacred to Bacchus when Collier raised the query, "Aren't most feasts dedicated to Bacchus, anyway?"

Clarke: "They say we won't see Moody any longer."

Sands: "How's that?"

Clarke: "He's long enough already."

Room 27 had a "political" meeting a few days ago. Of course, "Ward Boss" Jenkins presided.

Sold your Year Book yet?

Miss Hardy (giving rules for gender of foreign nouns in German): "Nouns ending in 'ant' denoting persons are masculine, like 'der elephant'."

Miss H.: "What is the difference between lunch and luncheon?"

K. Durant: "Oh, about $4.75."

Ring: "Say, how do you spell 'micrometer'?"

Jennings: "M-i-c-r-o-m-e-t-e-r."

R.: "Sure, that's exactly what I've got. Oh, say, lend me an eraser a minute, will you?"

Miss S.: "Who were the Dolopes?"

Dallinger: "A bunch of——"

1919

"Is your watch fast or slow?"

"Oh, mine isn't going. I let it run out."

"Mr. B.: "Bramble, what is the meaning of 'deficit'?"

Bramble: "It's what you've got when you haven't got as much as if you hadn't nothin'."

Miss H——n: "I suppose when I marry a lot of men will be made unhappy."

Esther G.: "Why, how many do you intend to marry?"

B. Burnham: "Talk is always cheap."

R. Gerould: "Except when you talk on the long-distance phone."

Miss R. (Tuesday): "We will have the rest of Bacon Friday."

(Friday): "We have a little Bacon left from Tuesday."

Food conservation.

Miss N. (explaining proposition): "This is a rectangular circle."

Miss T.: "I have left three examples undone."

Miss Kelley: "Well, you'd better do them up."

'19: "They say nothing satisfies him."

Teacher: "Well, I gave him five last week."

Miss Smith, after a girl has answered a question all the boys had failed on: "And still they say that women shouldn't have the vote."

Miss Hardy: "You wouldn't call a lady an unpleasantness, would you?"

Miss F. (looking sympathetically at Estabrook): "Find it hard to think, do you?"

Nichols, intent on picking up paper from floor.

Estabrook: "Trying to become a florist?"

W. LaMarche: "After Goldsmith came back to England, he was hired out as a hack."

Mr. W.: "Do you write music?"

H. von H.: "Yes, I composed the "Fish Rag."

Mr. W.: "I guess that's a new one."

H. von H.: "Yes, it's full of scales."

Mr. Derry: "Give the principal parts of Tango, Spencer."

H. S.: "Tango, tangere, turkey trot."

Mr. D.: "Interesting, but not right."

Winthrop: "How long does it take you to dress?"

Stone: "Twenty minutes."

W.: "It takes me ten."

S.: "Well, I wash."

Miss Smith believes that the motto of this school should be an eraser. It is her experience, she says, that it is the first thought of a pupil when he goes to the board.

Mrs. W.: "What was the 'Monthly Review'?"
Rose: "A weekly paper published ——"

La Marche: "What is your average income?"
P. W.: "Oh, about midnight."

Miss Smith: "I didn't listen to that theorem because it wasn't the one I asked for and so I wasn't interested. Sahagian, was it right?"
Sahagian: "I didn't listen, either. I wasn't interested."
Miss Smith: "A good diplomat."

Miss S.: "Why don't you use common sense. Here's an answer giving the father's age as four years and the son's as two.
Voice: "It must have been a mosquito family."

1920

Woolbert: "I hear of a man out West who lives on onions alone."
Nesson: "Anyone who lives on onions ought to live alone."

GEOGRAPHY AGAIN

Miss McLeary says: "They were going from England to France by rail."

Miss Mosher (in Physiology): "Miss Whitney, what is the office of the gastric juice?"
G. W.: "The stomach."

First Sophomore: "What are the qualifications of a reporter?"
Second Sophomore (Pugh, probably): "A good imagination, nothing else."

Ripley thinks it queer that night falls but doesn't break, while day breaks but never falls.

Teacher in drawing: "How do you make a maltese cross?"
Pupil: "Step on its tail."

Stranger: "What is the name of this street?"
G. H.: "Broadway."
Stranger: "Ah, named after that famous thoroughfare in New York, I suppose."
G. H.: "Sir, this is the famous thoroughfare."

From a theme: "I got up and slipped on my clothes."
It happens every year.

Miss C.: "What is the plural of 'man'?"
C-h-n: "Men."
Miss C.: "And of child?"
C.: "Twins."

1921

A few weeks ago some of the freshman boys, with some other classes, were picking moss. One boy looked up to Mr. Derry. "What time is it, Mister?" he asked.

Miss Chamberlain gives the following as what one boy wrote for the declension of the pronoun "is-ea-id."

is	isimus
isis	istis
it	isant

"Ugh!" sputtered Woolbert, "That nut had a worm in it."
"Here!" said a friend, offering him a glass of water, "wash it down."
"Wash it down?" growled Woolbert, "Why should I? Let him walk."

Harvey: "I'm going to get ahead this term."
R. de R.: "You need one!"

During the January cold spell the steam made quite a lot of noise. This to explain the following:

Teacher: "What's all that noise about back there?"
Pupil: "Oh, the pipes have gone on strike."

Miss Forrest: "State the theorem in English first."
Then in Sanscrit, probably.

C. Haley: "They say it's the coming thing."
R. Pugh: "What is?"
C. H.: "Why, Summer."

An obviously green Freshman accosted a Senior one day in the corridor: "Say you," he said, "I want to go to Room 23!"

Things to be Abolished as War Measures.
The Tardy Room.
Freshman Debating Clubs.
Failure Slips.
The "Choir."
The Orchestra.
Home Lessons.

Teacher (reading newspaper to pupils) "'The British made a counter-attack.' By the way, what is a counter-attack?"

Pupil: "Why, a bargain rush."

Miss Wood: "Give me an example of an interrogative pronoun."

Miss D— (who had been asleep): "What?"

Miss Wood: "Correct."

Miss R. Johnson: "We're having a friend for dinner."

How cannabalistic!

Miss Kelley: "What is a circle?"

Brothers: "A curved line without ends."

In English II B: "To attain success requires patients."

Oh well, the Seniors are just as bad.

Good, translating French: "We eat butter alone at breakfast and with cheese at luncheon."

Miss Morse (in Geom. I): "Darvey, what's the trouble between you and Drake?"

Darvey: "You ought to do something to him, he keeps looking at me in German."

English Teacher: "What is a plot?"

Pupil: "A plot is a plan by Germans to blow up somebody."

Pupil: "When does school begin?"

Miss T., abstractedly: "At the bottom of page seventy-eight."

"What does John Harvard resemble when covered with snow?"

"O, a man in a barber's chair."

J. Fitzgerald: "Lewis is certainly absent-minded."

Tisdale: "Why?"

J. F.: "The other day he thought he'd left his watch at home and so took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go home and get it."

Marsch: "Stockwell, what is your birthstone?"

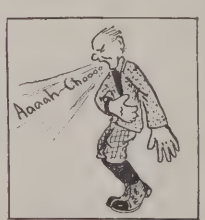
Stockwell: "Grindstone, I guess."

Not if we know him rightly.

Thwing (thinking himself bright): "Lawrence, can February March?"

M. L.: "No, but April May."

When I. Tisdale tells a tale out of school he always says: "And then the teacher says: 'Well, guy———?'"



Miss W: "What did Odysseus have at the feast?"

Sawin: "Aaah-Chooh!"

Some Chinese delicacy perhaps.

Teacher: "Can anyone name a cape in Alaska? How about you, Jones?"

Jones: "No'm."

Teacher: "Correct, Cape Nome."

During a boys' knitting class: "What color are you working with?"

"Don't know. I think it was white, though. I'll have to wash it some day and see."

In her first real theme: "—— and I saw a cat with its curl all tailed around it."

Freshman (in Algebra): Let us now illuminate the X's."

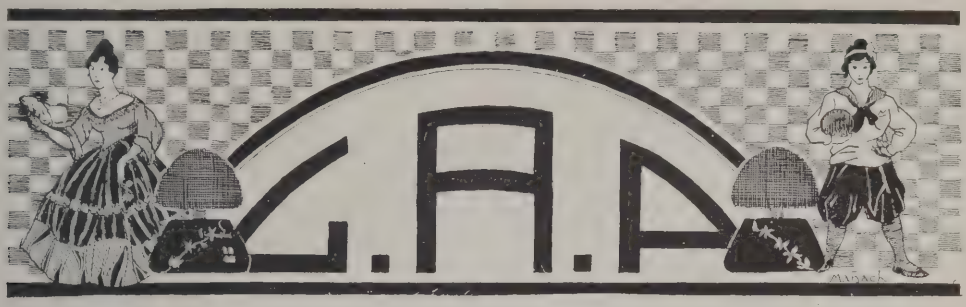
It is suggested that a "dishonor list" be published with the "honor list." One always likes to see his name in print.

Is "13" an unlucky number? Failure slips came out on that date.

Lawrence: "Lewis, what's the perfect indicative active, third singular of 'gero'?"

Lewis: "Don't know it?"

L.: "Gessit."



Although the G. A. A. has existed since 1910, never before April 5, 1918, has it given an entertainment to outsiders. The dances and other forms of amusement have been solely for the members of the association until April 5, when the association held a rally in the Latin building for everybody—girls, boys, mothers, fathers, teachers and friends. The proceeds are to be turned over to the Junior Chapter of the Red Cross.

We were all glad to see so many from school present, and also so many of those who have once attended. It did not take very long to sell the goodies that were arranged so invitingly on the various tables. There was an ice-cream table, a Red Cross table, punch and lemonade tables, and a candy table, all decorated appropriately. The arrangement of the whole rally showed how enthusiastically each girl had done her "bit", and brought out clearly the real G. A. A. spirit.

In the hall, a delightful sketch entitled "Oh, Doll" was presented under the direction of Miss White and Miss McLaughlin. The scene was in a nursery, and the characters were dolls. Anna Gormley's clever little song and dance as a Fairy, Caroline Brine's charm as a French Doll with whom the dashing young Corporal Gunn, alias Grace McGuire, was in love, funny little Topsy, whose part was taken by Claire Kirkjian, sailor Rose Manning, and Ruth Parker as a real Jack-in-the-Box pleased and held the interested audience.

This was followed by a very entertaining reading by Helen Lynch. After a pretty solo dance by Anna Biggane, Vera Oliver sang two selections. The second entertainment was presented by the alumnae. A shadow picture entitled "Alice Brown" was cleverly performed by Polly Collins, Evelyn Forsythe, Lalia and Edna Charlton, and Mildred Baldes. A pantomine was the next on the programme. Lalia Charlton, Mildred Baldes, Mary Church, Evelyn Forsythe and Polly Collins took part.

In the bicycle room was a miniature Revere Beach with all the thrills and earmarks of a real circus. On the second floor, Mr. Cleveland, Miss White, Miss McLaughlin and Miss Brown received the girls and their parents. In the meantime, the Glee Club sang several of its many songs.

Dancing at five cents a dance was conducted in the gymnasium. The floor had been well swept and waxed, and because of the orderly way in which the affair was carried out, everyone enjoyed himself. A committee had decorated the gym with small American flags very effectively that afternoon.

Although all of the returns have not been reported, it is understood that over two hundred and fifty dollars were taken in. The money is to be put in the hands of Mr. Bliss, who is treasurer of the Junior Red Cross.

HARVARD DENTAL SCHOOL

A Department of Harvard University

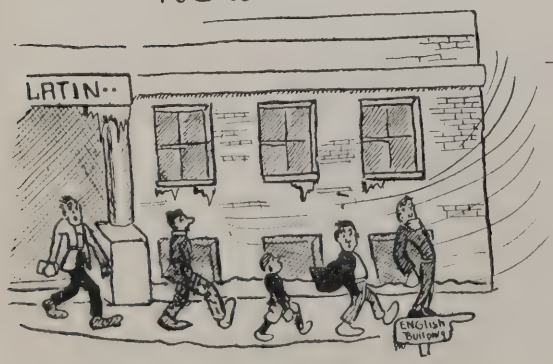
Graduates of secondary schools admitted without examination provided they have taken required subjects. Modern buildings and equipment. Fall term opens September, 1918. Degree of D. M. D. Catalog.

EUGENE H. SMITH, D. M. D., Dean, Boston, Mass.

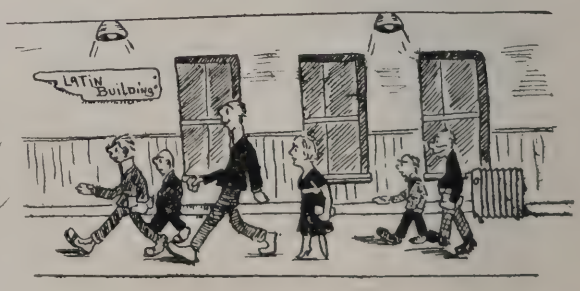
Memories?

— When the new annex is built. —

- Now -



Then -



HOCKEY

There can be no doubt in anyone's mind that our hockey team was the best turned out in many years. Captain Walter Fitzgerald's snappy seven, after a season of walk-away victories, finished second in the Interscholastic League, composed of all the big schoolboy teams of Greater Boston—second only to Newton, that team which recently won the High School championship of the East, and which has been conceded to be as good as most college teams.

A word about Fitzgerald. This peppy little player deserves all the credit which can be bestowed on him for his remarkable goal tending, and for the way in which he pulled his team, time and again, up out of apparent defeat by his encouraging words and his cool head. It has been admitted that Fitzgerald, in the Brookline game, played one of the best games ever seen at the arena; and he has, accordingly, been granted, by all the sport writers of any repute, the title of first interscholastic goal tender of Greater Boston. Garrity, Sands, O'Connor, Foley, MacDonald and Zarakov have all, also, been accorded honorable mention. Garrity was the unanimous choice of the players for next year's captain. He has played a strong, steady game all year, and we wish him good luck for next year. All the first team players of this year except MacDonald will return next year, so it would seem that Captain Garrity should not have much trouble as to material.

The Rindge Game

The hockey championship of Cambridge was won when we defeated Rindge 2 to 0 in a rather rough game at the Arena. The first half saw a mediocre exhibition on the part of Cambridge; but in the second she came back and won out 2 to 0. After ten minutes of play in the second period Garrity and Sands teamed the puck down the ice, and the latter shot it in. Then, again, near the end of the contest Garrity, after having carried the puck the entire length of the rink, passed it to Foley who shot for a goal, but missed. Sands, however, skated up from behind and caged the puck before the Rindge goal had awakened. Sands, Foley, Garrity and Fitzgerald played well for Cambridge; while Danehy, Shea and Corr did the best work for Rindge.

The summary:

Cambridge Latin	Rindge
Sands, l. w.	r. w., Smith
Foley, c.	r., Danehy
Garrity, r.	c., T. Shea
B. Zarakov, r. w.	l. w., Mutch
MacDonald, c. p.	c. p., Huntington
O'Connor, p.	p., Corr
Fitzgerald, g.	g., Deisselmann

Score: Cambridge Latin 2, Rindge 0. Goals: Sands (2). Referee, Deneshaw. Goal Umpires, Mulvey and Smith. Timer: William Geezill, U. S. N. Time, two 15 minute periods.

Cambridge vs. Medford

Two games were played with Medford. The first one ended in a 2 to 2 tie. The second in defeat 4 to 0. In the first game the teams were evenly mtached, Sands and Foley getting Cambridge's goals, and Furr and Donellan, Medford's. In the second game it was all Medford. True, some of the Medford players employed rather questionable tactics, but we were defeated anyway.

The two summaries follow:

First Game

Cambridge Latin	Medford
Sands, l. w.	r. w., Thompson
Garrity, c.	c., Furr
Foley, r.	r., Donnellan
B. Zarakov, r. w.	l. w., Sanford
MacDonald, c. p.	c. p., Kelley
O'Connor, p.	p., Christiansen
Fitzgerald, g.	g., Vye

Score: Cambridge 2, Medford 2. Goals: Sands, Foley, Furr and Donnellan. Referee, Watson. Goal Umpire, Parshley. Time, 2 15-minute periods and 2 5-minute overtime periods.

Second Game

Medford	Cambridge
Morrissey, r. w.	l. w., Sands
Furr, c.	r., Foley
Donellan, r.	c., Garrity
Sanford, l. w.	r. w. Zarakov
Kelley, c. p.	c. p.,MacDonald
Christiansen, p.	p. O'Connor
Vye, g.	g., Fitzgerald

Score: Medford 4. Goals: Donellan (2), Furr, Sanford. Officials same as above. Time, 2 15-minute periods.

The Brookline Game

Cambridge Latin beat Brookline 2 to 1 at the Arena in a closely contested game. It required an overtime period to score the winning goal. In the first half little real hockey was shown; but in the second Cambridge cut loose after four minutes of play. Garrity carried the puck down, and passed it to Zarakov who shot it in. A few minutes later the Dooley-Taylor combination tied the score and necessitated the extra period.

After two minutes, Sands took the puck down with Garrity, and the latter caged it. For the remaining part of the game, Brookline was the aggressor, sending shot after shot at the Cambridge goal. Captain Fitzgerald, however, playing his best game of the year, staved off all these wicked shots, and the overtime period ended 2 to 1.

Zarakov, Foley, Sands and Garrity played well for Cambridge; while Dooley, Mahan and Threshie were the stars for Brookline.

The lineup:

Cambridge Latin	Brookline
Sands, l. w.	r. w., Taylor
Foley, c.	r., O'Hearn
Garrity, r.	c., Mahan
Zarakov, r. w.	l. w., Dooley
MacDonald, c. p.	c. p., Threshie
O'Connor, p.	p., Faulkner
Fitzgerald, g.	g., Whittemore

Score: Cambridge 2, Brookline 1. Goals: Zarakov, Taylor, Garrity. Referee, Watson. Goal Umpires, Hurley and Abbott. Timers, Nelson and Price. Time, 2 15-minute periods and two 5-minute extra periods.

BASEBALL

Candidates for baseball are working out on the common during the elementary weeding out, but will soon be on Russell Field. Five veterans are back: Connors and Foley, infielders; Captain Sullivan, catcher; and O'Connor and Furness in the outfield. This last man, though ineligible last year, has pulled his studies up, and should show up strong this season. Manager Wolcott has arranged a hard schedule which follows:

Wednesday, April 10—Milton at Milton
Saturday, April 13—Alumni at Russell Field
*Tuesday, April 16—Newton at Russell Field
Friday, April (A. M.) 19—Waltham at Waltham
Wednesday, April 24—Boston Latin at Home
*Monday, April 29—Brookline at Brookline
*Friday, May 3—Newton at Newton
Tuesday, May 7—Watertown at Home
Saturday, May 11—Winthrop at Winthrop
Tuesday, May 14—Arlington at Home
*Friday, May 17—Brookline at Home
Tuesday, May 21—Radio School at Home
*Friday, May 24—Newton at Home
Monday, May 27—Huntington at Home
Thursday, May (A. M.) 30—Rindge at Home
Saturday, June 1—Open Trip
*Wednesday, June 5—Brookline at Brookline
Friday, June 7—South Boston at Home

*Triangular League Games

TRACK

Early in March Captain Husbands called out the track men, and they have been working indoors. The season should be a successful one, for along with Husbands, several veterans are eligible, among them Carroll and Tutin.

TENNIS

Captain Walter Sands has just asked for candidates. The prospects are bright, as Spiers, Moody and Kendall of last year's team are all back; and Jennings, Heizer and Durant, new men who played last year at Winchester, Andover and Brown & Nichols respectively, are candidates for the team.

CREW

Crew candidates were called out while the snow was still on the ground, and the first few weeks were spent in going through calisthenics in the gymnasium. Now, however, the boys are working on the machines in the Newell Boat Club. Evidences of a strong crew are shown, with Heizer, Spencer, and Captain MacDonald showing the best form at the present time. On April 15 the crew will get out on the river, and it is hoped that before that time many new men will be on the list.

Captain MacDonald is trying, in addition to the B. I. R. A. Regatta, to arrange special races with Brown & Nichols and Middlesex School. Exeter is also a possibility.

ALUMNI NOTES

'08 Sergeant Francis J. Reagan was recently married to Florence T. Hogan, '09.

'13 Margaret Carver, Radcliffe '18, has been elected to the Red Tassel office of Class Historian.

'13 Mabel Winifred Ferguson was recently married to Captain Robert Ellsworth Phillips, U. S. A.

'13 Garnet H. Porter recently left Cambridge for Fort Slocum, N. Y. He expects to be stationed in the Ordnance Department at the Cleveland Arsenal.

'13 Mary Sands, Radcliffe '17, played the part of Melissa in "Melissa, the Wandering Bride," a melodrama given for the benefit of the 1918 Year Book.

'13 Phyllis Thomas, Radcliffe '17, is teaching French and Spanish in the High School at Springfield, Vermont.

'14 Hester Sharkey, Radcliffe '18, is the author of one of the three successful one-act plays in the competition recently conducted by the Idler Club. Miss Sharkey is completing the four year college course in three years.

'15 Dr. John E. Dwyer, Jr., has been commissioned a first lieutenant in the regular Army Medical Corps.

'15 Charles B. Kendall has been reported as having received the French War Cross and the commendation of American officers for his bravery in rescuing wounded soldiers on the Western Front. Kendall volunteered his services to the French Government as an ambulance driver last July and was transferred to the American Army Medical Corps in September. He has been active in some of the greatest battles of the war.

'16 Margaret MacNaugher has been starring as one of the forwards on the Radcliffe Varsity Basket-Ball team.

'17 Ellen Koopman, Radcliffe '21, took part in the Freshman Play, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," by Anthony Hope.

JOKES

If you do not like these jokes,
And their dryness makes you groan,
Just stroll around occasionally,
With good ones of your own.—Ex.

"What fruits go best together?"
"A date with a peach."—Monitor.

Willie one day smelt chlorine
To see if chlorine sours;
Chlorine did as chlorine does!
Amen—Please send no flowers.—Ex.

He: "Only fools are positive."
She: "Are you sure?"
He: "Yes, I'm positive."—Ex.

Teacher (to tardy pupil): "What do you mean by this excuse, 'Please excuse because of the effects of an equinox?'"

Pupil: "Why, equus—horse and nox—night. Nightmare of course."—Forum.

"What's the difference between vision and sight?"

"Well, you can call a girl a vision, but I pity you if you call her a sight."—Blue and Gold.

Regular school debating was formally started on the evening of March 15th, when the fourth annual Durrell Cup Debate was held. Contrary to custom, this debate was given in the early part of the season, in order to avoid confliction with interscholastic debating. The two teams, picked at the trials held in February, debated on the subject of the Initiative and Referendum in Massachusetts. The affirmative, arguing for the introduction of this system, was presented by Abraham Wirin, '18, Maynard Lawrence, '21, and Richard Gerould, '19. The negative, opposed to this system, was upheld by Edwin Sage '18, Hyman Weisman '19, and Maurice Kramer '19. Mr. Cleveland was the presiding officer. Wirin, the rebuttal speaker for the affirmative, started the contest with a well delivered and forceful speech of ten minutes. Sage, the negative's speaker in the rebuttal, presented the first part of the negative argument, with a clear but quiet style. Lawrence handled his delivery in a splendid manner, which did credit to the Freshman Debating Club, of which he is a member. Weisman gave the audience a decided change with his rapid-fire but forceful delivery. Gerould ended the main speeches for the affirmative with a logical and clear-cut argument. Kramer, the third speaker for the negative, was undoubtedly the most convincing debater in the contest. The rebuttal speakers, Sage and Wirin, were fairly evenly matched; but the more direct delivery of the affirmative man gave him a slight advantage over his opponent. The judges, Mr. Burtt, Mr. Collier and Mr. Hanson, after a short conference, awarded the decision to the affirmative. Each member of the winning team received a silver cup, and will have his name inscribed on the big loving cup, given to the school four years ago by Mr. Durrell. Both teams extend their thanks to Miss Hartigan and Mr. Campbell for their valuable coaching, to Mr. Whoriskey and the orchestra for their splendid instrumental performance during the intervals of the debate, to Mr. Leonard, the time-keeper, and to all others who helped to make the debate a success.

The trials for the school debating team were held in the Science Lecture Room on March 26. Of the 13 candidates, the following were chosen for the team: Wirin, Hardy, Goodwin, Kramer, LaCanza and Westermark.

Lowell Debate

H. M. Hardy

On the evening of April 12, C. H. L. S. won what we hope will be only the first of a series of 1918 victories in inter-scholastic debating. At that time, the fourth annual debate between Lowell and Cambridge was held in the Latin Hall. The question under discussion was: "Resolved, That Massachusetts Should Adopt House Bill 162, an act providing for the introduction of physical training in the public schools under the supervision of a director." C. H. L. S. upheld the affirmative, and was represented by Harry Goodwin, Henry W. Hardy and Abraham Wirin. The Lowell High School team comprised Leroy F. Farrell, Harris Barber and Paul Choquette. His Honor, Mayor Quinn, was the presiding officer. John Collier, '18, was the time-keeper. Goodwin opened the discussion for the affirmative with a creditable speech on the need of physical education in the

schools. Farrell, of Lowell, then gave an equally praiseworthy speech against the adoption of the proposed bill. Hardy, the second speaker for Cambridge, explained the need and the advantage of having a compulsory system of physical training in the schools. Barber, the second speaker for the negative, gave a well presented and logical argument. Wirin gave the last of the main speeches for the affirmative. In a forceful and well thought-out speech, he shattered, to some extent, the arguments of the negative. Paul Choquette, the last speaker for Lowell, was an accomplished debater, whose forceful presentation of the negative deserves much commendation. The rebuttal of the negative was presented by Choquette, in a concise and direct way; but he was forced to give away before the fiery and well planned rebuttal of Wirin. The judges, Mr. Wason, Mr. Corcoran and Mr. Jordan, awarded the decision to the affirmative. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Whoriskey and Mr. Nickols, gave several excellent selections.

Another branch of oratory that may be classed with debating, is prize speaking, which has been introduced only recently in this school. Last year, under the leadership of Miss Hartigan, prize speaking was started. Specially designed medals will be awarded, paid for by the proceeds from the two $100 Liberty Bonds to which the school subscribed. Trials for the Prize Speaking Contest will be held in the middle of April under Miss Hartigan's supervision. From the candidates, 8 or 10 speakers will be picked to compete for the medals. All candidates who wish to try out should interview Miss Hartigan at once. Some patriotic selection should be chosen. To make the contest a success, we must have a large number of candidates, so let's not forget to see about trying out.

The Red Cross Activities have in a measure slowed down the work of debating in the two lower classes. However, the boys of both the lower classes have competed in all the school debating trials in addition to their club discussions and Open Forums. The Girls' Sophomore Debating Club is working on a playlet to be given in the Latin Hall for the benefit of the Red Cross. It is hoped before the year is over that it will be possible to have another Inter-Club Prize Speaking Contest.

The Girls' Debating Club of 1921 has elected the following new officers: Myrtle Graves, president, and Claire Kirkjian, executive member. The girls will now be coached directly by Miss Wood, as the assistant coach, Anna Margouleff, '19, has moved from the city.

EXCHANGES

As We See Others

"The Signal"—You have an excellent literary department. The story "Dubyarel" is fine. Your athletic department is also good. We would suggest, however, that you place your editorials before your stories. A few more class notes would also improve your paper.

"The Portsmouth Clarion"—You have a very good exchange department. Your paper as a whole is one of the best we have received.

"The Sanfordian"—Without any hesitation we consider that your paper is the best we have received this month. Your stories are excellent, and your athletic department is fine. The different photographs, however, make your February number most interesting.

As Others See Us

We think your class notes are splendid.—The Bulletin.

Your stories are splendid, especially those in your Christmas number.—Portsmouth Clarion.

Your jokes are very clever. The paper is interesting and well arranged.—The Forum.

The class note columns of the November and December numbers of the Cambridge Review were great!—Gazette.

A very well arranged paper. The story entitled "The Battushka" is worthy of a college paper.—The Monitor.

A well written paper with a very neat cover design on your November issue.—The Mirror.

HONOR LIST OF THE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

THIRD QUARTER

No Mark Below an "E"

Daggett, Allen
Dallinger, Anna
Fitzgerald, John C.
Lane, Harriet
Stubbs, Carolyn

No Mark Below a "G"

Aberle, Henry
Abromson, Rose
Allen, Helen
Allen, Margaret
Andelman, Coleman
Anderson, Alice
Anderson, Lily
Ashman, Irene
Baker, Ettabelle
Barron, Sara
Berkley, William
Boyer, Constance
Buckley, Carolyn
Burnham, Frances
Callahan, Edward
Carlow, Christine
Chamberlain, Geoffrey
Chamberlain, Richard
Cheboojian, Pyloon
Clark, Janet
Connors, Anna
Coolidge, Helen
Coolidge, Rosamond
Curran, Francis
Curtis, Helen
D'Avellar, Mary
Davis, Eunice
Donovan, Marguerite
Doctoroff, Abraham
Drew, Thomas
Drukman, Jane
Eaton, Hilda
Ellis, Cynthia
Ford, Robert
Forsythe, Helen
Fox, Dorothy
Freeman, Allan
Frye, Vera
Gallagher, Mary
Gerould, Richard
Giles, John
Glazin, Etta
Gleason, Marion
Grade, Arnold
Grade, Helen
Grandin, Lydia
Graves, Myrtle
Greene, Evelyn
Grovestein, Elizabeth
Hall, Isabel
Hanabury, Marion
Hapgood, Richard
Harrington, Helen
Hart, Margaret
Hatch, Emily
Hatch, Everett
Hayes, Catherine
Heizer, Pauline
Heller, Marie
Henderson, Lillian
Henry, Joseph
Herbert, Marion
Hill, Loretta
Hokanson, Vera
Hornsby, Robert
Hurley, Francis
Isen, Maurice
James, Myfanwy
Johnson, Arthur
Jones, Laura
Kerr, Henry
Killam, Dorothy
Kimball, Dorothy
Kirkjean, Claire
Knowlton, Elizabeth
LaMonte, Grace
Lathkowitch, Ida
Lawrence, Maynard
Leslabay, Madeline
L'Esperance, Herbert
Lewis, Elizabeth
Litter, Sydney
Logan, Hazel
Luck, Elizabeth
Ludwig, Hilda
Lynch, Theodore
Martin, James
Miles, Alice
Miles, Ruth
Mobry, Marguerite
Mossgraber, Louise
Moylan, Margaret
Mulcahy, Mary
Nelson, Cunhild
Nichols, Chiarina
Nishimiya, Chitose
Nolen, Barbara
O'Brien, Frances
O'Brien, Mary M.
Olander, Dagney
Phillips, Rose
Ramsay, Dorothy
Richmond, Grace
Riley, Annie
Ripley, Josephine
Rogers, Marie
Sawin, Edward
Steeves, Marion
Stevens, Mabel
Stohn, Samuel
Sullivan, Grace
Svandfeldt, Eric
Taylor, Ruth
Thideman, Sigurd
Tisdale, Irving
Thompson, Herbert
Tobin, Edmund
Tweedie, Agnes
Vinal, Gertrude
Vinet, Horatio
Vinicomb, Florence
Vinson, Marjorie
Walden, John
Walsh, Helen
Whiting, Helen
Whittaker, Grace
Williams, Ethel
Wirin, Abraham
Withington, Robert
Woods, Daniel
Wyman, Charles
Zimmerman, Emma

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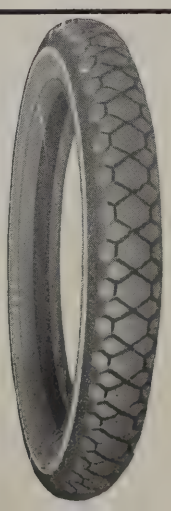

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

JUNE 1918

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The paper of the Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge Massachusetts

The CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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Editor-in-Chief

Samuel C. Olken '18
Business Manager

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Faculty Advisor	Mr. Campbell

Farewell

The time has come when we must turn over to our successors the management of *The Review*. We leave the paper with regret. We fondly consider—whatever our failures have been—that work on the school paper is one of the highest, most important, most profitable forms of activity. To our successors we wish success, a larger measure than has been ours. In the reconstructed building *The Review* will have an office. Next year's staff can work for equipment for that office—filing cabinet, desk, pictures. Let the school turn to with a will, and assist the staff in making next year's issue the best yet.

Laura E. Jones, '19, will be Editor-in-Chief. She has contributed several articles to *The Review* besides doing some of the detail work on the paper. As editor she brought out the first issue of *The Periscope*.

J. Arthur Winthrop, '19, will be business manager. He was worked hard this year as assistant manager. He managed one issue alone, and worked on all. Of the several competitors for the position he easily deserves first place because he has done the most work and the best work.

Graduation Honors

Highest scholastic honors for the class of 1918 go to Alice Miles. Others to receive honors for work throughout the course are:

Andelman, Bessie
Bliss, Margarita
Boyer, Constance
Chamberlain, Geoffrey
Davis, Eunice
Doyle, Mary
Gallagher, Mary
Grovestein, Elizabeth
Hornsby, Robert
Hokanson, Vera
Johnson, Arthur
Lindquist, Hilda
Long, Rodney
McGarvie, Grace
Murphy, Walter
Nissenbaum, Mary
Olken, Samuel
Phillips, Rose
Renton, Marguerite
Ring, Lyle
Steeves, Marion
Whiting, Eleanor
Whiting, Helen

Freshman Prize Contest

The Review has conducted during the last few weeks a Freshman story contest. All Freshmen were eligible to send in stories in competition for two prizes, a first and a second. First prize has been awarded to Bradford Nichols. His story is printed in this issue. Second prize goes to Lois Henderson. So many stories of merit came to *The Review*

as a result of this contest that the editors feel that next year there will be no lack of good material for the school papers.

♣

Prize Speaking Contest

On Friday evening, May 24, the annual "Liberty Prize Speaking Contest" was held in the Hall. After the orchestra, under Mr. Whoriskey's direction, had played "The Star Spangled Banner," Mr. Cleveland introduced the subject of the new patriotic contest. The program was as follows: "Young Fellow, My Lad," Harry Goodwin; "Coals of Fire," Elizabeth Deane; "Bill, the Bomber," Richard Gerould; "The Laughter of Leen," Dorothy Googins; "America, a World Republic," Myles Danehy. An intermission, during which the Boys' Double Quartet entertained the audience, then followed. The last five selections were: "Jean Desprez," Violet Crawford; "Rise Up, Rise Up, Crusaders," Joseph Keegan; "Fleurette," Florence Scully; "The Rag-Time Army," Edna Cairnes; "The Typical American," John Collier. The judges, Miss Margarette J. Penick, Professor Irvah L. Winter and Leland Powers, convened for half an hour before they finally made their decision. Leland Powers, as chairman of the judges, announced the winners—Florence Scully and Harry Goodwin. Superintendent Fitzgerald, after a short address, presented the medals. Miss Hartigan, who coached and managed the performance, ought to be especially complimented for the smooth way in which the whole program went, and everybody who helped to make it a success should be heartily thanked.

The twenty-five candidates, from whom the ten were chosen to compete in the final contest, under Miss Hartigan's supervision, tried out in the hall on May 10. It promises well for the interest in public speaking at school that such a large number, representative of all classes, should go out for the contest.

It was several weeks ago that the idea for this year's contest was thought up. The interest from the Liberty Bonds which the School bought in the third drive seemed to be a very fitting means of buying the medals to be awarded to the winning boy and girl in the contest. The die for the medals that will be awarded every year, from now on, was also bought with the money derived from the collections at School. Although there was a contest last year, this year's contest will be the first of a series of "Liberty" competitions which will last as long as the treasury of the United States exists and as long as there are boys and girls to compete.

♣

Hopkins' Prizes

The Hopkins' prizes for this year have been awarded as follows: First prize for the boys, Lyle Ring; first prize for the girls, Vera Hokanson; second prize for the boys, Samuel C. Olken; for the girls, Constance Boyer. Two prizes of one hundred dollars and two of seventy-five dollars each are awarded every year to pupils who are respectively most worthy as regards character, scholarship, and need.

♣

Debating

Although a team, made up of F. La Canza, R. Westermark and M. Kramer, has been picked to debate with some school, for the simple reason that no opponent is forthcoming, that team will not have the pleasure of an interscholastic debate. The only debate for the school team, this year, was the one with Lowell, which was won by our debaters. A debate for next year, however, has been arranged with Everett. Although it has not been decided finally, the question will probably be on "Government Ownership."

♣

Medal Winners

The debating medal has been awarded to each member of the victorious team in the Lowell debate: Harry Goodwin, '20, Henry Hardy, '18, and Abraham Wirin, '18. Unfortunately the other team did not have a debate or they, too, might have received the debating prize.

♣

A patriotic rally was held in the Science Lecture hall on May 29. All the clubs from the lower classes were represented by speakers. The audience was entertained by Katherine Bradley in a solo dance and John Parker, the Freshman ukelele wonder. "Bo" also sang.

PIERRE

Laura Eveleth Jones, '19

Pierre sat in the twilight, listening to the roar of the cannon. These cannon—they had been Pierre's first friends. They had brought him all sorts of adventures and happiness, and he had loved them. They had brought him Jean, but they had taken Jean away again. They had taken Jean away, and now he hated them.

It was a long time since Pierre had first heard that boom, boom in the distance. It seemed a long, long time to Pierre, for at eight one does not remember very far back into the past. Before the guns began to roar he could recall but one incident—it was no more to Pierre—which happened in the beautiful stone chateau that had been his home. Papa had gone—to war, Maman had said. Pierre did not miss him much. Papa used to whip him when he was naughty, telling Maman when she cried that "the little son needed punishment as well as the village urchins." Pierre did not agree with him. If he could not enjoy the "village urchins' " pleasures, why should he share their punishments?

But after Papa went he did not have to worry about whippings. He could not play with the children of the village—Maman was still firm as to that—but otherwise he did anything at his own sweet will.

Papa had been gone but a day when the guns began to roar. Pierre was not frightened—he was too big for that—but when Maman let him sleep in her room that first night to protect her he was very, very glad. Of course one got used to them in time, but at first ——.

For many weeks, many months after that, soldiers marched past the stone chateau. As Pierre looked back upon those weeks, they seemed but a single day to him—a day filled with pleasure, and joy, and happiness. Soldiers of France they were—the flower of France. Nearly all looked young and happy as they strode along toward the place where the cannon roared. Pierre loved to watch them march, march all day past the stone chateau. He loved to sing their songs with them and cheer with them as they marched. He loved to give them chocolate and goodies and see their smiles of thanks. There were some men older than the rest, who looked at him—as he stood by the roadside, cheeks glowing, blue eyes sparkling, golden hair flying—as his father had looked at him when he said good-bye. Pierre did not like these men with the sad faces. This was a fine game they called war, and why should it be played with solemn countenance?

Then after this long day came another which Pierre would always remember. On that memorable morning Pierre, on awaking, heard the guns more distinctly than ever before. All that day the noise became fiercer and louder, until Pierre began to feel as he had on the day that the guns began to roar.

But just as the last sunbeam left the top of the stone chateau something happened that made him forget about the guns for a long, long time. A queer little company was slowly entering the village—a very queer company, Pierre thought. There were "one, two, three, four, five—almost a hundred," thought Pierre, counting on both hands—women, and children, and old men. Then there was a finger and a thumb left over for the two funny animals that looked like cows, which were yoked to a big cart filled with all sorts of interesting things.

Pierre wished to see more of this procession, so, not heeding Maman's call, he flew down the village street to meet the little band so slowly approaching. Many peasants were already beside the cart, moving as the cart moved and asking questions faster than they could be answered. Pierre wormed his way toward the cart and the weary travellers. Suddenly he found himself by the side of a boy about nine years of age, one in the procession. Pierre looked solemnly at the older boy, taking in his whole appearance—black hair, tanned skin, deep brown eyes, and all. The stranger eyed

Pierre curiously, too, and then, with a shy smile, took Pierre's hand timidly in his own. Pierre returned the smile, and finding his tongue suddenly loosed, he began to make friends.

His name?

"Jean."

Where did he come from?

"Way back there," with a gesture.

Where bound?

A shrug of the shoulders the only answer.

"Then come quickly, with me, to the chateau."

The older boy looked questioningly up at the woman on his right. "Maman?" said he, again turning to his new friend.

"Oh, Maman will not mind," said Pierre, thinking of his own mother. "She is very good. She gives me chocolate for the soldiers."

"But my maman—she will be lonely," said Jean, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"Your maman? She can come too," promised Pierre. "See, here is the chateau, my chateau. You can rest here, and have shoes, and a cap, and things to play with. Do come, Jean, and Jean's maman, too!"

So it was that "Jean and Jean's maman" were established at the stone chateau. And what a wonderful time they all had, the two mamans making dressings for poor, wounded soldiers, and the two boys playing together all day long! All the time the noise of the guns grew louder and louder, but no one seemed to notice it now. When one is very busy, or is playing with the first playmate one ever had, one does not think about guns roaring in the distance.

Then came the terrible, terrible day and night which put an end to all the days of play-time. Pierre and Jean were the first awake in the stone chateau on most mornings, but on this morning others were up before them. When the mamans woke the boys it was just beginning to grow light in the room. In the dim morning light the two women looked very pale as they listened, not to a dull roar, but to a loud, sharp crash now and again above the sound of the more distant cannon. The chateau was trembling on its foundations as if it were frightened, too. When Pierre opened his blue eyes and Jean opened his brown ones upon this altogether new scheme of things, each boy felt frightened for a moment. But it is the duty of the men to protect the ladies, so they tucked their fear away and presented the bravest faces for their mamans to see. All four hurried down to the cellar, whither the servants had already gone in fear and trembling.

For some time Jean and Pierre were content to stay in their corner and munch chocolate and crackers, but after the supply had given out something else must be found for amusement. The pair chose their favorite diversion, that of fighting the Boche. Jean was to go "over the top" first, and Pierre was to be the reinforcements.

"But where is the 'top'?" asked Pierre, as they discussed their plans in whispers. "There are no chairs or tables here to use."

Jean thought for many moments. "Why, that is easy," he said at last. "We can go up that flight of stairs over there which leads, not into the chateau, where we cannot go, but outside it. When the next loud bang comes I'll run up the stairs, open the door, and rush out. You must be at the foot of the stairs when I open the door and be ready to run up the minute I'm outside. Are you ready?"

In the trench the two heroes crouched, waiting for the command. Cr-rash! Their signal! Jean was up and speeding toward the flight of stairs, with Pierre at the right distance behind him. Up went Jean, scaling the side of the trench with great rapidity. Quickly he threw open the door and stepped outside. At that moment some one screamed and tried to reach him —just like a woman to take such play seriously —but he was gone. Pierre, captured in the act of scaling the trench, was dragged back, all the while protesting that he must go with Jean. At that moment the loudest crash of all came, and stones could be heard falling overhead. Pierre did not even notice the crash, the screams, and the hysterics, he was so angry. He went back to his corner determined to sulk all day because he could not obey orders and go out to be with Jean, who, no doubt, was having a glorious time.

The next thing he remembered was that he was rushed out into the night into a big automobile which stood panting by the roadside. Then he was riding on and on through the dark, and he was so sleepy, and he wondered if Jean were there with him and where they were going —and then suddenly it was dawn.

The automobile had left them, Pierre and the two mamans, at this wretched old doorstep on which he was now sitting. All the children were dirty—everything was dirty—and they were all crowded together like cattle. The children would not play with him—in fact they did not seem to want to play at all. He hated it all! He shook his fist at the cannon roaring in the distance—they were the cause of all his troubles beginning with the loss of Jean, he felt sure.

Jean was back in the beloved village, living in the dear, clean, stone chateau, playing war and having a wonderful time. He would go back to Jean! He clapped his hands softly at the idea. Some of the ambulances—he could easily crawl inside one—were going that very night toward his own dear village, for had he not heard one of the drivers say so? Some of the drivers were very queer, but Pierre must not be afraid of them if he were to make his journey. They spoke very bad French, but Maman had said that they were very kind, notwithstanding, and could not help the bad French, for they came from Amerique. He would ride, and ride, and soon would be with Jean. Yes, very soon!

Just before sunrise the next morning a big gray ambulance might be seen bumping along an extremely rough road, making detours to avoid shell-holes, but all the time hurrying to escape the rain of shells already beginning. As it went along, a shell gouged out a hole in the road not many yards behind it, another in front of it, and a little nearer. A third shell—O, what a message of doom was in that third shell!—struck the road squarely in front of the ambulance. There was a crash as the entire front of the car was swept to destruction. The automobile moved no more, nor did either of the men who had been so fearlessly driving it. Pierre crawled out from his hiding place and looked calmly at the crippled car and the two still, still forms. He must walk the rest of the way; but it was not far, he felt sure, to the stone chateau and Jean.

"Jean! Jean! Jean!" his heart kept singing as he trudged along, unmindful of the flying shells. "I'll soon, very soon, find Jean again!" Very, very soon, Pierre!

A missile of doom shot out from the mouth of a cannon far away. On, on it went, seeking its victim, and it never stopped until it struck a road leading to the ruins of a stone chateau. It left its victim in a little heap beside the road—only one small victim among the thousands sacrificed to the god of war.

And Pierre—Pierre had found Jean!

LOVER'S LANGUAGE

Herrold von Holzhausen, '19

Sat a lover melancholy
Self-discoursing in a corner
Passionate and ever-changing
Invocation pouring out.
Sometimes sun and moon; and sometimes
Under hyacinth half-hidden
Roses; or the lofty willow
And the little weed below.
Nightingaling thus a throstle
Heard him and completely puzzled—
"What," quoth he: "And you a lover
"Raving not about your mistress
"But about the moon and roses!"
Answered he: "O thou that aimest wide of love
"And lover's language
"Wholly uninterpreting;
"Sun and moon are but my lady's
"Self, as any lover knows;
"Hyacinth, I said, and meant her hair—
"Her cheek was in the rose—
"And I, myself, the wretched weed
"That in her willow shadow grows."

THE RESULT OF A YEAR'S SCOUTING

Elmer Bradford Nichols

(The winning story in the Freshman contest.)

A year ago I had an experience which aided some U. S. Secret Service men to capture a number of German spies. Let me tell you how I found them.

About the middle of August, last year, as I was traveling with my two cousins to their summer home in Hinsdale, N. H., several rough-looking men boarding the train attracted my attention. I suppose that I noticed these men because in our Boy Scout Troop, we were asked to watch out for anyone who showed any suspicious actions and to report him immediately to the Department of Justice. Their position still more aroused me, for they sat with their hats over their eyes and seemed to take every precaution that the passengers did not see their faces. However, as I sat directly opposite them, I had every chance to see their features clearly. They did not say a word aloud and only grumbled to each other. After arriving at my cousin's house, I told them that I was convinced that those men were spies of some kind.

While attending a patriotic meeting in Boston about two months later, I heard the Bishop of York, England, address a large audience. I was given charge of a row of seats reserved for the Bishop's friends. As I was standing at the head of my row, a woman slipped past me. She was dressed in black and heavily veiled. Before I was aware of the fact, she had seated herself by the side of one of Boston's greatest patriots. I watched her and noticed that she never applauded in favor of America's gains and that she showed by her attitude that she upheld all of Germany's treachery. I reported her to my superior officers who only laughed at my suspicions.

One night, about a month later, I was summoned to perform duty at another patriotic meeting. My senior and superior officers were both with me. Our seats were reserved for us in the front row. After the meeting had been going on for about five minutes, a lady with a bouquet of beautiful flowers entered the side door and sat across the aisle from us. I watched her movements and noticed the manner in which she was dressed. I discovered that she was the very same woman whom I had seen before. When I was absolutely sure of the fact, I wrote to my officers in Morse code, calling their attention to her presence.

The meeting being over, my two officers and I decided to separate into individual parties. We did, and watched her. She was the last person to leave the building. When she arrived outside, she met a man whom I recognized as one of the men whom I had seen on the train in New Hampshire during the summer before. I followed them but they suddenly dropped out of my sight.

During the summer of the same year, I worked at a hotel at Calvin's Cove on the Cape. I had a friend who lived about two miles from the hotel. I often rode on my bicycle to his cottage and made him a visit. On the way over, I passed many pretty cottages and beautiful bungalows. I noticed particularly one which was nicely shaded by large trees and situated on a hill to the right of the hotel. Its location and surroundings were beautiful.

One day I went up to a hill opposite the house to scrutininze it more closely. While viewing the top of the house through the trees, I could see some leaden pipes. I wondered what on earth they were there for. The first thought that entered my mind was that this might be an alien enemy's wireless station. I hid at the rear of the house and occasionally looked through one of the windows. I could see nothing but the interior of an ordinary bungalow.

The next day, I climbed a tree at the rear of the house and looked in through one of the attic shutters. The thing that immediately attracted my attention was a wireless equipment in operating condition. I was so startled that I almost fell off the roof.

That night I wrote to the United States Secret Service Agency at Washington and explained all details and also said that I would guide their men to the house.

The next day the agents arrived at the hotel and asked for me. I took them to the house after which they dismissed me. The men then walked around the house, examining it closely, and finally located the wireless. They walked down the street, looking for a house which was unoccupied. After searching about an hour, they found one which was about a half mile in front of the house where the wireless was discovered. Here they set up apparatus with which to intercept the messages sent out from the questionable house.

After the few days of close watching, the men were positive that they had located a nest of spies who were giving out important information to the enemy and they were determined to get rid of this station as soon as possible. Therefore the next day, just before day-break, when they would be least expected, the small body of men started for the house. Cautiously they entered a window which they forced open and their attack was carried on with such speed and care that the guard was overpowered before he had time to act or to spread an alarm. With their automatics in hand, the men ascended to the attic whence could be heard a sound resembling that of a wireless in operation. Inside could be heard the voices of several persons who were evidently making plans to blow up a munition plant in the neighborhood. The detectives decided to push the door in with one heave and then capture their victims before they had a chance to recover from the surprise. Three of the stronger men procured a club from down stairs and with one smash the door flew from its hinges with a crash to the floor. The occupants of the room with their minds upon the blue prints before them were taken by surprise and thus had no chance to offer resistance. In a few moments they were all hand-cuffed and as they were led out before me, I observed that three of the spies were my old acquaintances, the two men whom I had seen on the train and the lady whose actions had previously aroused my suspicions. When they were safely in the hands of the proper authorities I went home satisfied that I had done something towards "my bit for my country."

VANITY

Mary Nissenbaum, '18

Ego had many good friends, but Vanity was his best friend. This was a simple fact; for wherever Vanity was found Ego was also found. Vanity was like a glittering jewel which deceives the eye by its glitter; for she was always arrayed in beautiful gowns and brilliant jewels. Our ancestors handed down to us many wise sayings among which is, "All is not gold that glitters." This was perfectly true about Vanity; for, although she was always arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, yet within she was a very unwomanly woman. If it were clothes and jewels which make up a womanly woman Vanity would certainly have been one, but it is the love for one's neighbors and humane feeling for all mankind that makes up such a woman, and these feelings she lacked. She loved only one person, and this person was Ego.

Vanity and Ego had so many interests in common, and such a great love for each other, that they married. All their friends said that a passionate love like theirs would bring about a perfect union. Society was delighted with this marriage; for would not Vanity and Ego live on a lavish scale and entertain society? And society was perfectly right in its surmise; for no sooner had Vanity and Ego married than they hired the best house in the city. Most of

the rooms were furnished in a luxurious oriental style, and the two art galleries contained the greatest masterpieces by Raphael, Van Dyke and Michael Angelo. But the most magnificent room in the whole house was Vanity's boudoir. The whole world seemed to have contributed its fairest and most precious ornaments in order to adorn this boudoir. There were soft carpets from Turkey, curtains from France, a toilet set of pure ivory from Africa, statuettes made in Italy, and the most important articles in the room, three long mirrors. These mirrors were built into a niche, so that Vanity could see her whole form at all angles.

Their blissful marriage lasted a year and then ended suddenly with the death of Vanity. She had spent her whole life in seeking for flattery and gaiety without a thought of the after-life; she had benefited no one but Ego. What could the Almighty do with her? When she kneeled to Saint Peter and begged him to open the gate to Heaven, he neither listened nor was touched, but stood as firm as a rock and said, "As thou hast sinned, so shalt thou suffer," and pointed down the entrance to Hell. There Vanity went, and is still paying the penalty.

A POPPY IN FLANDERS' FIELD

Harriet P. Lane, '20

The other day I was transported in the land of dreams to the place where all good flowers go after their death. When I looked around, I saw fields full of beautiful flowers, dancing in the sunlight, and swaying in the breeze. Nearest me was a poppy from Flanders, the newest arrival, who told me, when I asked her, the following story of her life there.

"I lived in a great meadow in Flanders," began the poppy. "Parts of it had long since been occupied by graves, but it was only yesterday that two men came toward me bearing the body of a soldier. Hardly a foot away," she continued, "they began to dig a grave. They spoke no word during their toil and silently lowered the body into the opening. Just then I saw his face—it was so peaceful and sweet that I knew he must have kept his soul pure even amid the strife and din of war.

"When the body was covered the men sat down beside the grave to rest.

"You know his story, don't you?" inquired one.

"'No,' answered the other, 'Won't you tell it?'

"'I know very little, for he was never a communicative lad and told us nothing of his life before he joined the regiment. He had only been with us a day or two when one of the fellows got seriously injured while on a listening post. He crawled back and this boy, pointing to the mound of dirt, 'dressed' his wounds as best he could. The wounded fellow lay back with a groan, just as the gas alarm sounded. He felt in his pocket for his mask but found it had been torn to pieces. When this fellow saw his predicament, he gave him his own mask and before he could get another, he had gone West.'

"The fellows rose and gathered a few flowers there and put them on the grave. They picked me and though it meant my death," added the poppy, "I considered it an honor."

Just as the poppy finished, the first rays of the rising sun awoke me; the dream was gone; and in a minute, I had been carried from a peaceful spirit land back to this world of war. Looking out on a peaceful world, beautiful in its new spring garments, it was hard to believe there was so much suffering in Flanders. But the thought of the heroism of our little poppy spurred me on to attack the tasks of the day with renewed courage.

HIS COUNTRY

Richard de Rochemont, '20

August Baer seated himself in his armchair by his favorite reading lamp, lighted his big porcelain pipe, picked up his evening paper and remarked to his wife:

"Well, Minna, the paper says that the Germans are massing troops for a great new drive. That is good. If our armies can push on to Paris, Germany will be supreme. I am not a Junker, nor do I like the ruling party or its policy, but if this drive succeeds I will turn militarist myself. When Gretchen arrives she will be able to tell us all about things inside the Fatherland and I can see how the Junkers are getting along."

Minna Baer laid down her stocking, half finished, and sighed. "It is a good thing that Gretchen is already out of Germany and on the 'Aztec' bound home, but I will feel better when she is home again. You don't think the submarines would sink the ship, do you? She flies the American flag and is said to carry no contraband."

"No, no, Minna, don't you worry. Our Gretchen can come to no harm. Is she not an American? Wasn't she born in this country, the land she loves as we love the old Fatherland? They will not hurt an American girl."

"But, August, even the Emperor says that Germany must use the 'mailed fist' and that fist is the submarine. Patriot as I am, I shudder when I think of 'blood and iron' in Belgium. I fear I have lost touch with the Fatherland. It did not seem to me that the people of the pleasant land I left could allow such deeds. I am still afraid for Gretchen. They have sunk American boats before."

"They surely will not sink this one," replied August. "The 'Zeitung' says the others carried guns and arms for the English. Do not be afraid, my dear. Gretchen will be here, safe and sound, in four days."

Minna resumed her work. "I hope and pray that she will," she said.

"I think I will go out to the corner," said August, standing up. "There may be a late edition with news of the big drive."

In five minutes he returned, not with one paper, but with an armful.

"Minna! Minna!" he cried hoarsely. "Read that! Mein lieber Gott! Gretchen!"

Minna read. Across the sheet were sprawled in huge type the words:

"A Z T E C T O R P E D O E D"
"AMERICANS LOST"

and in the column below:

"The American steamer 'Aztec' from Amsterdam to New York, was torpedoed this afternoon off the Irish coast by a German submarine. Survivors, picked up by patrol boat, state that U-boat fired upon life-boats after ship was sunk, killing several women and one child. Full details not available. Partial list of dead:

Anderson, William K.
Andrews, Mary G. and infant daughter
Barclay, John H. and wife
Baer, Gretchen M."

Minna read no further. She did not cry, but sat with the paper in her hand, stricken dumb. For a long time she sat thus, finally she spoke, in a voice like a ghost's. "I knew it would come. Instinct told me. My Gretchen, dead! Dead! Slaughtered by frightfulness! by 'blood and iron'! by the 'mailed fist'! by a German submarine! a submarine that fired on women and babes in lifeboats! Mein Gott!"—her voice rose to a scream—"A righteous war! Oh! Gretchen! Gretchen!"—and died away forever.

August sat beside her, his face in his hands, the dry hard sobs breaking forth, a dead man in a living body, a man whose soul was with his wife and child, though his heart still beat.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Minna was buried from the little Lutheran Church where Gretchen was baptized and where they had attended for years. Here also the broken-hearted August said prayers for his Gretchen, buried in fathoms of sea.

After the services and the burial August returned to the city. As he left the carriage he heard the newsboys shouting:

"W A R D E C L A R E D !"
"WAR RESOLUTION PASSES CONGRESS!"

"Thank God," murmured August and passed on.

ROLL OF HONOR

The following is a complete list, so far as we know, of men connected with the School who are now or have been in the National service.—Ed.

Members of the Faculty

Cunningham, James—Field Clerical Staff, Washington, D. C.

Downey, Timothy F.—7th Co. 2nd Bat., 152nd Depot Br., Camp Upton.

Lally, Francis J.—Camp Devens.

Members of the Faculty

Adams, Harry D. (1913-15)—Royal Flying Corps, Toronto, Ont.

Adams, Munson (1914-17)—U. S. S. "Oklahoma," 2nd Class Engineer.

Adams, Richard (1910-1916)—Aviation Detachment, Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Virginia.

Adams, Samuel (1906-1913)—Section 10, U. S. Ambulance Corps, American Expeditionary Forces, France.

Ainley, George (1912-1916)—Naval Reserve, Stationed at Rifle Range, Wakefield, Mass.

Ahern, Thomas (1903-1904)—Sergt. E Co., 301st Infantry, Camp Devens.

Allen, Roland (1914-1915)—Served in French Ambulance.

Bailey, Marshall J. (1912-1917)—S. S. W.. 15 Convoie Ambulance, Paris, France.

Bailey, Romana (1910-1914)—S. S. W. 15 Convoie Ambulance, Paris, France.

Baker, Edwin (1910-1913)—Pay Clerk, Cost Inspection, U. S. Naval Reserve Force, Fore River.

Bates, Clement (1908-1912)—Assistant Naval Paymaster, Squantum, Mass.

Bearden, Lee (1914-1916)—Yeoman, Mare Island, New York.

Bentley, Raymond (1909-1913)—Ensign, U. S. N. R. F.

Blackburn, John (1897-1898)—1st Lieutenant, U. S. S. "Leviathan."

Blackman, Floyd H. (1907-1910)—2nd Lieutenant Co. C, 103rd Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces, via New York.

Blackman, John—Enlisted; now at Camp Devens.

Bolger, James (1912-1917)—Drowned December 13, 1917, in storm off New England coast while on the U. S. S. "Shadda."

Bornstein, Lewis (1911-1916)—Ambulance Corps 120, Camp Sevier, South Carolina.

Boyd, Charles (1912-1917)—3rd Class Electrician (Radio); Sailed for service abroad.

Boyd, Gordon (1912-1916)—C Co., 104th U. S. Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces.

Boyd, Robert—Army Medical School, Washington.

Bradley, Charles (1914-1916)—Aircraft Board, London, Royal Flying Corps.

Bull, William T. (1912-1914)—U. S. N. R. F., Newport, R. I.

Bullock, Patrick L., Sergt. (1908-1913)—Headquarters 101st Supply Train, 26th Division, American Expeditionary Forces.

Burnham, Harry G. (1904-1909)—Wagoner Supply Service, 101st Field Service, American Expeditionary Forces.

Burton, Arthur W., Capt. (1898-1902)—2nd Co. 101st Ammunition Train, 26th Division, American Expeditionary Forces.

Cahir, Walter F. (1904-1910)—Civilian Field Clerk, Care of Chief Signal Officer, American Expeditionary Forces.

Collinan, John J. (1912-1916)—Aviation Corps, San Antonio, Texas.

Carburg, Warren (1910-1914)—C Co., 103rd U. S. Infantry, 26th Division, 51st Brigade, American Expeditionary Forces.

Carret, Philip (1911-1913)—Aviation Section, S. E. R. C., American Expeditionary Forces.

Carrier, George Henry (1911-1913)—Sergt. 21st Co. N. G. C. A. C., Fort Strong, Boston.

Carruth, George (1911-1915)—C. A. C. 21st Company, Fort Strong, Boston, Mass.

Cheyne, George, Sergt. (1907-1908)—C Co., 102nd Machine Gun Battalion, American Expeditionary Forces.

Clarke, Wilder (1911-1915)—Technology Aviation School.

Collier, Edward R. (1908-1912)—U. S. S. "Lake Placid," Care Postmaster General, New York.

Copp, Miss Jane (1903-1908)—Nurse in Hospital for Shell Shock, Harrow, England.

Cowen, Robert (1912-1914)—Chief Yoeman, U. S. N. R., Squantum, Mass.

Crandon, Lowell, (1901-1906)—U. S. S. "Madaquaska," New York.

Cranston, Arnold B. (1910-1914)—U. S. N. R. F., Charlestown Navy Yard.

Croswell, Ralph H. (1896-1900)—Base Hospital No. 5, General Hospital No. 11, B. E. F., France.

Cummings, E. E. (1907-1911)—Aux soins de M. Richard Norton, 7 Rue Francois Premier, Paris, France.

Darling, E. Merrill (1913-1915)—Capt. F Co., 303rd Infantry, Camp Devens.

Dearing, Vinton (1908-1909)—R. O. T. C., Fort Niagara, New York.

Dee, Joseph (1908-1913)—Quartermaster's Department, Boston.

Dee, Thomas (1910-1915)—U. S. Naval Reserve, Radio School, Newport, R. I.

Derry, Malcolm (1908-1912)—Convois Automobilest S. S. U. 512, Par B. C. M., Paris, France.

Dickinson, Melvin (1909-1914)—Royal Flying Corps, Toronto, Canada.

Donahue, Dennis (1913-1917)—U. S. S. "Olympia."

Dunham, Marbel (1913-1917)—2nd Lieut. Royal Flying Corps, B. F. C., Headquarters, London.

Durnan, Walter T. (1909-1913)—Motor Supply Train, 26th Division, American Expeditionary forces.

Adams, Ernest—1st Lieut., Aide to Chief of Staff, Charlestown Navy Yard.

Brokenshire, Lawrence—Has served all through the war in a Canadian regiment. Severely wounded.

Carrier, Charles— Priv. 21st Co., N. G. C. A. C., Fort Strong, Boston, Stationed at Deer Island.

Cowen, Theodore—5th Division, Ambulance Co. 30, Houston, Texas.

Cutting, Ralph C.—Warrant Office, U. S. N. R., Stationed at Fore River.

Delay, John—Department of Navy, Naval Reserve, Washington, D. C.

Crothers, Bronson—Major, R. A. M. C., 22nd General Hospital, British Expeditionary Force, France.

Crowley, Charles F.—2nd Lieut. Infantry, commissioned after 2nd Plattsburg camp.

Decker, Irwin S.—Signal Enlisted Reserve Corps, Aviation Section; Stationed at Princeton University.

Drake, Irwin—Has served from beginning of the war with French ambulance; Now in charge of forty ambulances, eighty men.

Drake, Robert—After serving as ambulance driver in France he returned to this country and studied aviation; At present an instructor in aviation in Omaha.

Durant, Henry W.—Sergt. Battery A, 101st Regiment, 26th Division, American Expeditionary Forces.

Duvey, Harvey N.—Motor Corps, San Antonio.

Flewelling, Ralph—Sam Houston, Texas.

Flynn, John—Camp Devens, Ayer.

Eaton, Sherburne (1910-1915)—Drove ambulance in France; was transferred to aviation; now in this country.

Edgerton, Herbert (1907-1911)—Paymasters' Training School, Washington, D. C.

Elliot, Claud V., Sergt. (1912-1915)—C Co., 104th Regiment, American Expeditionary Forces.

Ellis, Parker (1909-1913)—S. S. U. 9 Convoie Automobile, Par B. C. M., Paris, France.

Elwell, Alcott Farrer (1900-1903)—Member 2nd Plattsburg Class; Commissioned Captain Infantry.

Embree, Reginald (1910-1917)—Convois Automobilest S. S. U. 512, Par B. C. M., Paris, France.

Fenn, Roger C. (1907-1911)—Officers Training School, Camp Devens.

Finnegan, Basil (1908-1913)—Flight Ensign, Naval Aviation, Pensacola, Florida.

Flamand, Albert (1912-1916)—Naval Base, Brest, France.

Flamand, Charles (1911-1914)—Technology Aviation School.

Flynn, Raymond (1910-1914)—Member 2nd Plattsburg Class; Commissioned 2nd Lieut. Infantry.

Foley, Henry J. (1911-1915)—Chief Yoeman, Charlestown Navy Yard.

Foxcroft, Francis (1910-1915)—Ensign U. S. N. R. F.

Freeman, Stephen (1910-1915)—Provisional Ensign of Naval Aviation, Norfolk, Va.

Gannon, John J. (1912-1917)—Now a corporal; severely wounded, cited for bravery; Co. E, 104th Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces.

Glennon, William H.—Chief Yeoman; In charge of Training Schools for Yeomen at Boston.

Glynn, John—

Good, Francis J.—Camp Kelly, San Antonio, Texas.

de Gozzaldi, James—2nd Lieut.; Adj. General's Staff, Camp Wadsworth, Spartansburg, South Carolina.

de Gozzaldi, Richard—1st Maine Heavy Artillery, Battery B, Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Graustein, Edward

Hart, Adrian P.—Sanitary Corps, Gas Defense Service.

Hart, Albert B. Jr.—Sanitary Corps, Gas Defense Service.

Higley, George—Naval Reserve, Receiving Ship, Boston.

Garabedian, John N. (1913-1917)—C. A. C. 21st Co., Fort Strong, Boston, Mass.

Garfield, Norman (1910-1914) Headquarters Troop, 76th Division, Camp Devens.

Gibson, Samuel P. Jr. (1916-1917)—Machine Gun Co., 104th Regiment, 52nd Brigade, American Expeditonary Forces; Cited for bravery.

Grandgent, Louis (1903-1905)—Capt. G Co., 101st Reg., U. S. Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces.

Hales, Walter (1904-1907)—Coast Patrol, U. S. S. "President Grant."

Hamilton, Norman (1912-1913)—1st Lieut., Divisional Officers' Battalion, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Hanlon, Morgan P. (1908-1913)—1st Lieut., Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, N. H.

Hannigan, Judson (1907-1912)—52nd Brigade, 26th Division, American Expeditionary Forces.

Hardy, Elerson (1913-1917)—U. S. S. "Delaware," care of the Postmaster, New York City.

Hayden, Herbert (1916-1917)—Base Hospital No. 116, A. E. F., France.

Henderson, Robert.

Higley, Robert (1913-1916)—Quartermaster's Sergeant, 5th Reg., Co. 45, U. S. Marines, American Expeditionary Forces.

Hills, Leslie E., Sergt. (1913-1916)—Quartermaster E. R. C., Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces.

Holt, Francis (1908-1913)—U. S. S. "Actus," Charlestown Navy Yard.

Howlett, Walter (1914-1915) — Provisional Ensign, U. S. N. A.

Hubbard, Edward—Hingham, Mass. Has appointment to Ensign School at Cambridge. School opens latter part of June.

Hunt, William J.—Naval Reserves, Chief Yeoman, Washington, D. C.

Jose, Edwin (1901-1906)—Member 2nd Plattsburg Class; commissioned 1st Lieut. Infantry.

Hughes, William M.—5th Co., 101st Supply Train, 26th Division, American Expeditionary Forces.

Johnson, Paul—Paris Island Barracks, Port Royal, South Carolina.

Johnson, S. W.—Co. F., 39th Reg., U. S. Infantry, Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Kelleher, Dr. Simon — 1st. Lieut. Medical Corps, 52nd Brigade, 26th Division, 104th Reg., American Expeditionary Forces.

Kempton, Bradford L.—U. S. Army Ambulance Corps, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Killam, Horace G.—Engineering Corps, U. S. A., Co. C., 25th Engineers, Camp Devens, Ayer.

Kimber, Frank H.—American Mission Motor Transportation, Mallet Reserve, American Expeditionary Forces.

Kimber, Walter (1909-1912) — Corp. E Co.,

301st Infantry, Camp Devens; selected for Officers' Training School, Camp Devens (Jan. 5-April 5, 1918).

. King, George (1913-1917)—Pay Office, Bldg. No. 94, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Kittredge, Henry O. (1904-1909)—Member 2nd Plattsburg Class. Commissioned 1st Lieut. Inf., Nov. 26, 1917.

Knowlton, Bernard (1909-1914)—2nd Lieut., 168th Regt., Camp Mills.

Lanman, J. T. (1910-1915)—Ensign, U. S. N. R. F.

Leith, Henry (1910-1914) — Headquarters Troop, 76th Division, Camp Devens.

Lincoln, Nathan B. (1904-1909)—34th Co., Sixth Battalion, Depot Brigade, Camp Devens. Selected for Officers' Training School, Camp Devens (Jan. 5-April 5, 1918).

Love, J. Spencer (1908-1912)—Officers' 2nd Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y. Commissioned 1st Lieut. Inf., Nov. 26, 1917.

McAllister, Leonard (1913-1917)—Headquarters Co., 302nd Field Artillery, Camp Devens.

Linehan, Lawrence (1910-1913)—Tech. Aviation School.

Lynch, Henry C.—Signal Corps, U. S. A., Department of Research and Inspection, American Expeditionary Forces.

Lutz, John D. (1910-1913)—M Co., 23rd Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces.

McFadden, Francis E.—Coast Patrol, U. S. S. "Malay"; Now on temporary leave of absence to finish his school work at C. H. L. S.

McCarter, Bertram C. (1907-1911)—Member 2nd Plattsburg Camp, Commissioned 2nd Lieut. Infantry, November 26, 1917.

MacGillivray, Charles D. (1909-1913)—Yeoman, U. S. S. "Jupiter"; Chief Petty Officer, U. S. N. R. F.

McKenzie, Arthur George (1909-1913)—134th Battalion Depot Brigade, Camp Devens; Flying Cadet, Barracks No. 6, Fort Omaha, Nebraska.

McNamara, John (1911-1915) — Aviation Training Camp, Pensacola, Florida; Ensign, U. S. Naval Aviation Forces, Foreign Service, 4 Place d'Lena, Paris, France. Has been awarded a medal for bravery. The first American to sink a submarine from an airplane.

MacNaugher, Joseph (1906-1911)—Government Chemistry Bureau of the War Department, Washington, D. C.

Lynch, Joseph B.—Ensign, Naval Air Station, Miami, Florida.

Lynch, Grace E.—Chief Yoewoman, U. S. N. R. F.

Magoun, Alexander—Inspector, Ordnance Department, Troy, N. Y., Y. M. C. A.

Mahoney, Gerald J. (1915-1916)—Medical Corps, Fort Slocum, N. Y.

Malott, Fred S.—2nd Lieut., U. S. Artillery, Fort Sheldon, Mississippi.

Manning, Edward W.—U. S. N. R. F., Marblehead.

Manning, James F.—U. S. N. R. F., Hingham.

Mason, Harry (1905-1911).

Mooney, Corp. Michael L.—Co. I, U. S. 101st, France.

Murphy, Cornelius—Mess Sergt., 21st Co., C. A. C.

Markham, John R. (1908-1912)—1st Lieut. Coast Artillery Corps, Fortress Monroe, Va.

Marlor, Horton (1910-1914)—Quartermaster's Department, Fort Slocum, N. Y.; Motor Car Co. 302 Block F 15, Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Florida.

Marrett, E. Hastings (1905-1910)—Sergt. Battery C, 101st Field Artillery, American Expeditionary Forces, France.

Martin, Alan R. (1910-1913)—Member 2nd Plattsburg Class; Commissioned 1st Lieut. Infantry, November 26, 1917; 361 Dept. Brig., Camp Dix.

Merrill, Wainwright (1912-1915)—Member 6th Siege Section, 10th Canadian Siege Battery; Died of Wounds received in active service in France, November 6, 1917.

Mills, Ward (1913-1916)—Mechanical Repair Shops Unit, U. S. Ambulance Service, Allentown, Penn.

Morey, George (1915-1917)—C. A. C. 21st Comp., Fort Strong, Boston, Mass.

Murphy, James H., Corp. (1914-1917)—101st

Field Artillery, 26th Division, 51st Brigade, American Expeditionary Forces.

Myers, Walter (1912-1915)—1st Class Yeoman, U. S. N.; Stationed at Charlestown.

Nash, Otis C. (1910-1913)—Private, 88th Co. U. S. M. Co., Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Penn.

Osborn, Theodore—Capt., Co. B, 101st Engineers, 26th Division, A. E. F.

Packard, Roland (1911-1913)—2d Plattsburg Camp; Commissioned 1st Lieut. Infantry, November 26, 1917.

Parker, Reginald S. (1903-1908)—Member 2d Plattsburg Class; Commissioned 2d Lieut., November 26, 1917.

Patton, James A. (1912-1917)—C Co., 26th Division, 102d Machine Gun Battalion, A. E. F.

Patton, Raymond, 1st Class Yeoman, U. S. S. "Covington," care of Postmaster General, N. Y.

Phelan, John A.—Seaman, Bumpkin Island, U. S. N. R. F.

Phelan, Maurice E. — Warrant Officer, Charlestown Navy Yard.

Pierce, Frederick Hastings, Private (1909-1913)—C Co., 101st Regiment, U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.

Place, Richard (1915-1916)—Royal Canadian Hospital Corps; Stationed at Ontario, Can.

Porter, Garnet H. (1909-1914)—Ordnance Corps, Fort Slocum, New York.

Powers, Bert—1st Co., 101st Ammunition Train, A. E. F.

Preston, Paul, Sergt.(1912-1913)—Co. B, 101st Engineers, A. E. F., via New York.

Proctor, John (1911-1915)—H Co., 102d Machine Battalion, 52d Brigade, 26th Div., A. E. F.

Putnam, Willard (1907-1911)—U. S. Aviation Camp, San Antonio, Texas.

Randall, Ellsworth (1910-1915)—C. A. C. 21st Comp., Fort Strong, Boston, Mass; Officers' Training Camp, Camp Ogelthorpe, Ga.

Reagan, Frank (1904-1908)—Battalion Sergt. Major, Camp Devens.

Reagan, Raymond (1911-1915)—Yeoman, U. S. N.; Stationed at Fore River.

Reardon, Harry—U. S. S. "Grant", care of Postmaster General, New York.

Reeves, Henry E. (1904-1908)—Sergt. E Co., 301st Infantry, Camp Devens; Selected for Officers' Training School, Camp Devens (Jan. 5.-Apr. 5, 1918).

Robart, James E. P.,—Corp. Co. L, 372 R. I. U. S., S. P. 229, France, via New York.

Rogers, Frank Yale (1910-1914)—E Co., 101st Regiment, U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.

Row, Clarence W., Corp. (1913-1917)—Headquarters Co., 101st U. S. F. A., 51st Brigade, 26th Division, A. E. F.

Ryan, George T. (1905-1909)—Member 2d Plattsburg Class; Commissioned 2d Lieut., November 26, 1917.

Ryan, John P. (1903-1904)—Sergt. C Co., 9th Regiment; Member 2d Plattsburg Class, Commissioned Lieut. Infantry, November 26, 1917.

Sanborn, Ralph (1911-1913)—Member 2d Plattsburg Class; Commissioned 2d Lieut. Infantry, November 26, 1917.

Sandler, Bernard—Coast Artillery, Fort Strong.

Sands, Donald, Sergt. (1909-1913)—Battery D, Field Artillery 101st, A. E. F., via New York.

Shaw, Edward Lawrence (1906-1911)—Member 2d Plattsburg Class; Commissioned 1st Lieut. Infantry, November 26, 1917.

Shepard, Gilmore (1904-1908)—Member 2d Plattsburg Class; Commissioned 1st Lieut. Infantry, November 26, 1917.

Sherman, Ernest—22d Co. Coast Artillery; Stationed at Watertown Arsenal.

Sherman, George E. (1888-1893)—Capt. Medical Reserve Corps.

Shumaker, Brooks—2d Lieut., Camp Shelby, Miss.

Sullivan, John J.—Flight Ensign, Naval Aviation, Ground School, Squantum.

[Continued on Page Twenty-five]

SENIOR DRAMA CAST

C. H. AND L. S. ORCHESTRA

JUNIOR RED CROSS

SOPHOMORE DEBATING CLUB

C. H. AND L. S. DEBATING TEAM

C. H. AND L. S. BASEBALL TEAM

C. H. AND L. S. CREW

Coach Sullivan looking on.

Oh! You spring fever-

How our books seem now!

A.T. Granger '19

Some outside dope.

Crew

[Continued from Page Sixteen]

Siebert, Paul (1909-1914)—2d Lieut. H Co., 166th Infantry, 42d (Rainbow) Div., A. E. F.

Silva, Joseph (1916-1917)—Naval Barracks, Headquarters, Bar Harbor, Maine.

Spencer, Winthrop (1912-1914)—Lieut. A. S. S. C., Am. Aviation Corps, Garden City, N. Y.

Stock, Louis T.—Yeoman, Charlestown Navy Yard.

Stanley, Sydney (1912-1916) — Paymaster's Department, U. S. Navy; Stationed at Charlestown.

Taylor, William B. (1896-1900)—Member 2d Plattsburg Class; Commissioned Captain Infantry, November 26, 1917.

Tenney, Oliver (1914-1917)—C. A. C. 21st Comp., Fort Strong, Boston, Mass.

Thomas, Erold (1907-1912)—Aviation School at M. I. T.

Thomas, Harvey (1908-1913)—Member 2d Plattsburg Class; Commissioned 2d Lieut. F. A., November 26, 1917.

Thompson, Vincent (1915-1917)—C. A. C. 21st Comp., Fort Strong, Boston, Mass.

Tieman, Edwin L.—2d Veterinary Department, Depot Brigade, Camp Devens.

Tracy, Edward J. (1913)—National Army, Fort Slocum.

Toye, Sumner B. (1910-1914)—Member 2d Plattsburg Class.

Tuttle, William W.—Camp Devens.

Verity, J. Preston (1909-1912)—U. S. Naval Reserves, Radio School, Newport, R. I.

Vickers, Henry—Aviation Corps.

Wardwell, Austin K.

Warren, Arthur (1907-1911)—2d Lieut. Infantry, Mineola, N. Y.

Warren, Harry

Warren, James (1910-1913)—1st Class Gunner's Mate, U. S. N., Newport, R. I.

Waterson, Arthur, Medical Dept. Field Hospital 28, Fort Ontario, Oswego, New York.

Wells, Bennett (1909-1913)—Air Service, A. E. F. (Ecole de Tours)

Wells, Gardner F.—Sergt. U. S. Medical Corps, Ambulance, Allentown, Pa.

Wheeler, Afton E.—Ordnance Corps, Watertown Arsenal.

White, Francis C.—Sergt. A Co., 102d Machine Gun Battalion, 51st Brigade, 26th Division, A. E. F.

White, Charles (1908-1913)—Ensign, U. S. S. "Charleston", care of Postmaster, N. Y.

Whiting, Walter, 1st Lieut. (1911-1914)—303d Infantry, Camp Devens, Ayer.

Whitley, James N.—U. S. S. "Nevada"; now on a destroyer.

Whittemore, Irving C. (1909-1913)—2d Lieut. Heavy Artillery, C. A. C., Fort Standish, Boston, Mass.

Williams, George—101st U. S. Engineers, A. E. F., France.

Williams, John D.—No. 2590998 C. A. L. C., Can. Ex. F., England.

Williams, Henry M.—Member 2d Plattsburg Class, Commissioned 1st Lieut. Infantry, November 26, 1917; 1st Lieut., Camp Dix. Not attached.

Williamson, Joseph J.—Barracks B 16, Camp Meigs, Washington, D. C., Quartermaster's Dept.

Williamson, William H.—Phot. Laboratory, Engineers' School, Washington Barracks, D. C.

Winslow, John E. (1911-1914)—Corp. Battery E, 4th Field Artillery, Corozal, Canal Zone, Panama.

Wood, Clifford (1906-1911)—2d Lieut. Infantry, Camp Devens.

Woods, Charles (1913-1917)—C. A. C. 21st Comp., Fort Strong, Boston, Mass; Battery F. 55th Regiment, A. E. F., via New York.

Wright, Kenneth (1911-1914)—Member 2d Plattsburg Class; Commissioned 1st Lieut. Infantry, November 26, 1917.

Wright, William (1906-1911)—U. S. Coast Patrol.

Wyche, Cyril—Section 10, U. S. Ambulance Corps, A. E. F., France.

Youd, Frank C.—Ambulance Co. 28, Fort Ontario, Oswego, N. Y.

Zimmerman, Edward L.—Field Hospital No. 2, 26th Division, A. E. F.

CREW

Our crew has done the trick! With the youngest and lightest group of oarsmen on the river it has beaten all the scholastic crews of Greater Boston and won the Keith Trophy, which will remain the property of Cambridge Latin for one year, at the end of which time it goes to the school next winning the Regatta. Cambridge was not selected by any newspaper as a possible winner, although one writer said this school "might prove dangerous."

The trial heats took place on Wednesday, May 29; and our boys in their heat finished second to Boston Latin, thus qualifying for the finals on Friday.

The final heat was rowed off under nearly ideal conditions. Cambridge had the outside course, handicapped, thus, by choppy water all the way. The crews started together and for the first half-mile the order was practically unchanged—Brookline in the lead, Boston Latin second, Huntington third, and Cambridge Latin fourth. At the half-mile the bow oar of Boston Latin caught a crab and his crew dropped behind. Huntington then spurted and drew away a little; but our boys increased their strokes to keep up with Brookline. Gradually, Huntington fell back, and all the crews were on a par again but not for long. Brookline spurted, and accordingly, Cox Manning of Cambridge called for the famous spurt which had won qualification in the trials.

Despite the tremendous pace which had been kept up all during the race, the Cambridge boys responded, and pulled off one of the finest spurts ever seen on the river. Coming from nearly a length behind, the "Cantabs" gained little by little, although the Brookline cox in desperation called for a still faster stroke. Finally our boys flashed under the bridge three quarters of a length ahead. The race was rowed in the fast time of 5 minutes and 55 seconds. This smashed all records for first crews, and came within two seconds of beating the time set by Brookline second, back in 1912. The latter time was made with a terrific gale blowing on the oarsmen's backs, and neither wind or speed has been equalled since.

The crew rowed in the following order: Stroke, James M. MacDonald; 3, John J. Collier; 2, Henry Spencer; Bow, Randolph Heizer; Cox, William Manning. The second crew which failed to qualify, although it put up a game fight, rowed as follows: Stroke, Henry Hudson; 3, Manuel Manach; 2, John Giles; Bow, Henry Hardy; Cox, Richard Gerould.

Too much credit cannot be given Captain "Jim" MacDonald for his work stroking the boat during the race, and his coaching during the preparatory season. The B. I. R. A. furnishes only one coach for the eight crews, so that practically every bit of rowing knowledge was acquired through the advice of the Cambridge captain. Cox "Billy" Manning also deserves a great deal of credit for the skill with which he handled the rudder during the race, and the "pep" which he instilled into the crew in practice and during the spurt which won the race. Each of the other oarsmen rowed well and helped materially to make the machine-like unit of the crew possible.

As only MacDonald and Collier graduate, and there should be a great increase in candidates next season, we hope for another victory next year and wish those boys who are left the best of luck.

TENNIS

Walter Sands is champion tennis player of the schools. In the final contest with Henry Spencer the latter was defeated, and Sands is king.

BASEBALL

Cambridge vs. Newton

In the first game played on their home grounds the Cambridge boys completely outplayed their opponents from Newton, both at bat and in the field. Captain Sawyer of Newton was batted all over the field by the heavy-hitting of the Cambridge team. Great credit is due to Furness, the victorious pitcher, for his fine work in the box and also for his hitting.

The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	T'l
Cambridge	1	0	2	0	0	3	0	0		—6
Newton High	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	—3

The Boston Latin Game

In a game full of surprises Cambridge Latin defeated Boston Latin 5 to 4 on Russell Field. Besides the loss of the game, Boston Latin lost Kennedy its first string catcher who broke a finger in the third inning.

Nothing of any interest occurred until the third inning, when a wild pitch, an error, an infield out, four successive passes, and a hit batter, along with two more wild pitches and a pair of passed balls netted four runs for Cambridge. Again in the ninth, with one out, McQuiggan beat out a bunt, stole second, went to third on O'Connor's single, and scored on Kiley's third wild pitch of the day.

In singular contrast to Kiley's wildness in critical places, was O'Connor's calmness, which pulled him out of many bad places. O'Connor, Connors, Sullivan and McQuiggan played well for us; while D'Amelio, Crosby and Maguire excelled for Boston Latin.

The line-up:

Cambridge Latin

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Doyle, r.f.	4	1	0	0
Scott, l.f.	4	0	2	0
Foley, 3 b.	3	0	2	3
Sullivan, c.	3	0	6	2
Conners, 2 b.	3	1	4	2
McGowan, 1 b.	2	0	11	1
I. Zarakov, s.s.	3	0	2	3
McQuiggan, c.f.	3	1	0	0
O'Connor, p.	4	1	0	4
Totals	29	4	27	15

Boston Latin

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
D'Amelio, c.f.	5	3	0	0
A. Malley, s.s.	4	1	3	0
Maguire, 2b., c.	4	0	6	3
Kiley, p.	3	0	0	8
Cronin, r.f.	3	0	0	0
Kyle, 1 b.	4	1	13	1
Hurwitz, 3 b.	3	2	1	0
Crosby, 2 b.	4	1	0	3
Westwood, l.f.	4	1	0	0
Totals	35	9	35*	15

* One out when winning run was scored.

Cambridge Latin	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	—5
Boston Latin	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	—4

Runs—McQuiggan (2), O'Connor, Foley, Sullivan, Crosby, Westwood, Malley, Maguire. Errors—McGowan, Conners, Kyle, Malley. Two base hits—D'Amelio, Crosby. Stolen bases—Westwood, Sullivan, McGowan, McQuiggan. Sacrifice hit—Malley. Bases on balls—off Kiley, 4; off O'Connor, 4. Struck out—by Kiley, 9; by O'Connor, 5. Passed balls—Kennedy, 3. Wild pitches—Kiley, 3. Hit by pitched ball—McGowan and Zarakov by Kiley. Time—2h. 15m. Umpire—White.

Cambridge vs. Boston English

Cambridge met its first defeat of the year when it fell before a whirlwind in the shape of Boston English. The game was rather uneventful save for Scott's and Connor's spectacular catches of short, outfield flies. Connors, Scott, and Captain Sullivan did well for Cambridge; and Kirley, Aronson, and Kroog were the stars for Boston English.

The score:

English High

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Macchia, c.f.	2	1	2	0
Bradley, 2 b.	4	2	2	3
Aronson, s.s.	3	2	3	1
Farrell, c.	3	1	7	2
Kirley, 1 b.	4	2	7	1
Meyrick, 3 b.	2	1	3	2
Degostino, l.f.	3	0	2	0
Howlett, r.f.	3	0	1	0
Kroog, p.	4	1	0	0
Totals	28	10	27	9

Cambridge Latin

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Doyle, r.f.	3	1	0	0
Scott, l.f., s.s.	2	0	3	1
Foley, 3 b.	4	0	2	2
Furniss, c.f., p.	4	1	1	1
Sullivan, c.	4	0	8	1
Connors, 2 b.	2	1	4	2
Vickers, p.	2	0	1	2
McGowan, 1 b.	2	1	7	0
Zarakov, s.s.	1	0	1	0
O'Connor, l.f.	1	1	0	0
McQuiggan, c.f.	1	1	0	0
Totals	26	6	27	9

English High	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	6	—10
Cambridge Latin	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	— 2

Runs—Macchia (3), Aronson (2), Kirley, Howlett, Kroog (2), McGowan (2). Stolen bases—McGowan, Furniss, Macchia. Struck out—by Kroog (6); Vickers (1); Furniss (6). Two base hits—Kirley. Umpire—Cleary.

C. H. L. S. vs. Newton (Second Game)

In the second game with Newton, played on their field, the Cambridge boys were defeated to the tune of 4 to 0. Sawyer was invincible for Newton. The feature of the game, however, was Garrity's three-base hit in the third inning.

Garrity, Lynch, and Sawyer excellde for the winners; while Connors, Cate, and Sullivan played a fine game for us.

Cambridge Latin

	B.H.	R.	P.O.	A.
O'Connor, l.f.	1	0	0	0
McGowan, 1 b.	1	0	12	0
Foley, 2 b.	2	0	2	2
Conners, s.s.	1	0	4	4
Cote, 2 b.	1	0	0	4
Khouri, p.	0	0	0	1
Sullivan, c.	0	0	2	2
Scott, c.f., l.f.	0	0	0	0
Doyle, r.f.	0	0	1	0
McQuiggan, c.f.	0	0	1	0
Zarakov, r.f.	0	0	0	0
Totals	7	0	24	13

Newton

	B.H.	R.	P.O.	A.
Crowley, 2 b.	1	1	3	3
Garrity, 3 b.	1	0	0	3
Eaton, 1 b.	0	1	11	0
Sawyer, p.	1	0	0	3
Owen, r.f.	2	0	2	0
Richmond, s.s.	1	0	2	2
Bryson, c.	0	0	6	1
Davidson, l.f.	1	1	0	0
Lynch, c.f.	2	1	1	1
Macomber, c.	0	0	2	1
Phair, l.f.	0	0	0	0
Hughes, c.f.	0	0	0	0
Totals	9	4	27	14

Stolen bases—O'Connor, Scott, Eaton. Three base hit—Garrity. Base on balls—off Khouri (1); Sawyer (3). Struck out—by O'Connor (1); Sawyer (7). Umpire—White.

The Watertown Game

In a very loosely played game our boys beat Watertown, the leaders of the Mystic Valley League, 16 to 15. Watertown got ten runs in the third, and Cambridge came back in the eighth with eight. McGowan, Khouri, Cote, and Sullivan were the stars for Cambridge.

Our boys lined up as follows: McGowan, 1b.; McQuiggan, c. f.; Foley, 3b.; Cote, 2b.; Connors, s. s.; Sullivan, c.; Scott, l. f.; Vickers, p.; Khouri, p.; Doyle, r. f.; Zarakov, l. f.; O'Connor, p. and r. f. Runs, 16; hits, 12; errors, 4; home runs, Cousineau, McGowan; three-base hits, Jay, McGowan, Cote, Zarakov, O'Connor; two-base hits, McGowan, Cote, Conners, McQuiggan; struck out, by Khouri, 7; by Waters, 5; O'Connor, 1; Vickers, 1; bases on balls, off Khouri, 1; Waters, 12. Umpire, White.

Cambridge vs. Winthrop

On Saturday, May 11, in a hard-fought game at Winthrop, Cambridge was defeated 3 to 2. The game was won in the eleventh inning on a hit which Scott, slipping on a wet field, missed. It was a game featuring remarkable fielding on a field which would excuse almost any kind of an error. O'Connor and Carstensen pitched very good ball, the former striking out six and the latter eight. Cote, Connors, McQuiggan, and Captain Sullivan did well for Cambridge; while Devlin, Dean, and Burke excelled for Winthrop.

The score:

Winthrop

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Burke, c.f.	4	0	2	1	0
Horan, 3 b.	5	0	1	2	3
Carstensen, p.	5	0	0	1	3
Devlin, 1 b.	4	3	4	15	0
Hoar, s.s.	2	0	1	5	3
Sullivan, 2 b.	3	0	1	4	3
Dean, l.f.	4	0	2	2	0
Baker, c.f.	4	0	0	3	1
Peker, r.f.	4	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	3	11	33	13

Cambridge Latin

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
McGowan, 1 b.	4	1	1	10	0
McQuiggan, c.f.	4	1	1	1	0
Foley, 3 b.	3	0	1	3	0
Cote, s.s.	5	0	3	7	2
Connors, 2 b.	4	0	1	1	3
Sullivan, c.	5	0	1	7	0
O'Connor, p.	3	0	0	0	3
Zarakov, r.f.	4	0	0	1	0
Scott, l.f.	4	0	0	0	1
Totals	36	2	8	31	9

Winthrop	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1—3
Camb. Latin	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—2

Two base hit—Hoar. Three base hits—Devlin, Cote. Sacrifice hits—McQuiggan, McGowan (2). Double plays—Foley to McGowan, Hoar to Sullivan to Devlin. Bases on balls—off O'Connor (1); off Carstensen (3).

The Arlington Game

Cambridge lost to Arlington 9 to 5 at Russell Field, May 14. After the first inning Arlington led all the way, although several unsuccessful rallies were attempted on the part of the Cantabs. The pitching on both sides was weak, but Caddigan managed to strike out the men and kept the hits fairly well scattered. Donnelly and Berry played well for Arlington; while Sullivan, Conners and McGowan did the best work for us.

										R.	H.	E.
Arlington	0	4	1	0	2	0	0	2	0	9	8	2
Cambridge	1	2	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	5	5	5

Batteries—Caddigan and Geary for Arlington; for Cambridge—Vickers, Khouri and Sullivan.

Allen School vs. Cambridge

Allen School was met and defeated at West Newton May 17. The outcome of the game was uncertain until in the eighth inning Captain Frank Sulivan's three base drive drove to cover any doubt that might exist. Captain Sullivan, McQuiggan, Scott, and Foley starred for us; and Chalmers and Dyke excelled for Allen School. The batteries were— for Cambridge, O'Connor and Sullivan; for Allen School, Chalmers, Dyke and Kenyon.

The Rindge Game

On Wednesday, June 5, the Cambridge High and Latin School baseball team defeated Rindge for the third successive year. With flying colors "Frankie's boys" came through in the seventh and again in the ninth, winning by the score of 9 to 6.

Rindge started off in the first inning scoring on a hit, an error, and a sacrifice; and they proceeded to hold us runless for two innings. But in the seventh McQuiggan started things by knocking a clean double to left field. Immediately Rindge "blew up," and before they had recovered, four runs were scored giving us a lead of two runs. In her part of the ninth Rindge managed to score twice, but this was offset by the three runs which Cambridge made in the first half.

Cote at shortstop and McQuiggan at center field were the individual stars, although Foley, Sullivan, Doyle and Connors all played well. Cote made two hits, scored two runs and accepted thirteen chances with only one error. McQuiggan started the scoring in the seventh with his double and also scored himself. In addition to this, he made two pretty catches in center field, and used his head well throughout the game. Mack, Hynes and Mahoney excelled for Rindge, and Crowley pitched a good game throughout.

The score:

Cambridge Latin

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
McGowan, 1 b.	5	0	9	1
McQuiggan, c.f.	5	1	3	1
Foley, 3 b.	3	1	2	2
Cote, s.s.	5	2	5	7
Sullivan, c.	3	0	4	0
Conners, 2 b.	4	1	3	1
O'Connor, p.	3	0	0	0
Doyle, r.f.	4	1	1	0
Scott, l.f.	4	0	0	1
Khouri, p.	0	0	0	0
Totals	36	6	27	13

Rindge Tech

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Bourguignon, s.s.	3	0	1	2
Quigley, l.f.	3	1	2	0
Mahoney, 1 b.	5	1	12	0
F. Mack, r.f.	5	1	5	3
G. Mack, l.f.	5	3	0	0
Hynes, c.f.	4	2	2	0
Crowley, p.	4	2	1	3
Frohnert, 2 b.	4	0	1	3
Dinjian, 3 b.	4	0	3	5
Totals	37	10	27	16

Cambridge	0	0	1	1	0	0	4	0	3—9
Rindge	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	2—6

Two base hits—G. Mack, McQuiggan, Hynes. Three base hits—Hynes. Bases on balls—by Crowley (7); by O'Connor (5). Struck out—by Crowley (4); by O'Connor (3). Passed balls, Mack (2), Sullivan (2). Time—2h. 10m.—Umpire—Barry.

CREW CAPTAIN ELECTED

At a meeting held in Mr. Bramhall's office, June 6, Randolph Heizer was elected by the members of this year's championship crew as next year's captain. He was the unanimous choice of the oarsmen. He pulled a steady oar all year, and was picked by Coach Manning of the B. A. A. to row on the Boston Interscholastic Crew. With Spencer and Cox Manning also back next season, it would seem as though the crew should be successful again. At any rate we congratulate the boys on their choice of a captain and wish him the best of luck.

TRACK

On June 5, a few minutes before the Rindge game, an informal relay race took place between teams representing the three upper classes of the School. The Senior team, composed of Kingsley Durant, William Tutin, and Leo Flax, won out handily. Durant got a good start and gave Tutin ten yards' lead on which to build. This the latter did, increasing the lead to about twenty yards; and Flax finished some few paces ahead of Captain Husbands of the Juniors, although the latter made a plucky attempt to regain the lost distance, and did succeed in closing the gap somewhat.

These boys, as well as those on the losing teams, are to be congratulated on their effort to revive interest in track; and it is hoped that they will obtain success to the extent that Cambridge High and Latin School will be represented by a track team next year.

G. A. A.

The last meeting of the year was held in the hall on Wednesday, June 5th. Our president for this year, Anna Biggane, called the meeting to order for the last time. Miss Janet Shoenfeld, the president of the G. A. A. Alumnae, spoke about the G. A. A. monograms, telling what they stood for, and then awarded the monograms for this year.

The monograms are awarded by the Alumnae to the twenty girls, who, by their work and spirit both within and outside the G. A. A., have shown themselves to be the best G. A. A. members.

After the awarding of the monograms, the officers for the next year were installed. Blanche Robillard took Anna Biggane's place as president; Marjorie Vinson, Mabel Jean's as vice-president; and Gertrude Shea, Josephine Bolger's as secretary. The executive committee is Elizabeth Lewis, Marjorie Collett, Marjorie Ready and Alice Biggane.

The meeting ended with rousing cheers for the new officers and the old, for the gym teachers, and for the G. A. A.

On May 29th the annual Boy Dance was held in the gymnasium, with Helen Higgins and Frances Dwyer in charge. Only about thirty-five couples came, but nevertheless everyone had a most enjoyable time. Refreshments were served in the lunch room during intermission by a committee with Elizabeth Lewis at the head. The patrons and matrons were Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall, Miss White, Miss McLaughlin and Mr. Cleveland.

On Saturday, June 1st, the G. A. A. emigrated to Kendall Green, the home of Miss Brown, for the annual picnic. Over two hundred girls enjoyed themselves to the limit, playing baseball, running obstacle races, and indulging in other exciting forms of amusement. The great baseball game of the day was between the Browns and the Kendall Greens. The Browns won, after a very exciting struggle, with a score of 10 to 9.

In the afternoon some of this year's and next year's officers presented a play, "Johnnie's New Suit," which was considered a great success. Anna Biggane, as Johnnie, kept her audience in peals of laughter and Elizabeth Lewis played the part of Mrs. Larkins to perfection. After the play the Glee Club sang.

Of course there was much cheering, as usual, which always put the finishing touch on a G. A. A. affair.

The new G. A. A. newspaper, the "Periscope", arrived on May 29th. It was a financial success in a small way, meeting all its expenses and netting about two dollars. We shall leave its other merits to be judged by the five hundred members of the school who bought copies. Here's hoping that next year will bring issues even better than this first attempt.

Just a Little Mistake

On Friday, May 3, at 1.45 the Girls' Sophomore Debating Club presented the one-act comedy entitled *Just a Little Mistake.* The proceeds, $28, were given to the School Junior Red Cross. The play was preceded by some very fine Hawaiian selections sung by John Parker, who accompanied himself on the ukalele. The cast of the play was as follows:

Mrs. Ball.....Alice Johnson

Ray Forrester, Helen Strong } two of Elsie's chums { Alice Groden, Miriam Putnam.

The Cook, who causes quite a mixup
Dorothy MacKillop

Geraldine Take, who is taken for the cook
Frances Charlton

A pretty group of Girl Scouts, one carrying the American flag, led the audience in singing "The Star Spangled Banner" as a closing number. Ice cream, punch, and candy were sold at the rear of the hall. The play committee was composed of the following: Chairman, Dorothy Pevear, and Olga Ohlund. Miss Ida Horblit gave the cast very valuable assistance for which the club is very grateful.

The closing meeting for the year was held Monday, May 20, at which the following officers were elected for the year 1918-1919: Chairman, Dorothy Pevear; vice-chairman, Alice Johnson; secretary, Harriet Lane; and treasurer, Dorothy MacKillop.

CLASS NOTES

1918

Miss Rogers: "Translate 'Je suis arrive au quai (wharf).'"

Pupil: "I arrived O. K."

E. Sage (in debating class): "Children under twelve years old do not as a rule patronize cheap moving-picture houses." Groans from the class.

Sage: "Well, I don't live in East Cambridge."

Our esteemed contemporary, "The Periscope," was, no doubt, a success, but wasn't it playing with Fate to say in the first issue?: "We wish to thank all who helped to make 'The Periscope' a success"?

Well, are the graduation nightmares over?

When a man is mentioned:

The Bryn Mawr girl—How much does he know?

The Vassar girl—How much has he got?

The Wellesley girl—Who is he?

The C. H. L. S. girl—Where is he?

A book of Thrift Stamps underneath the bough,
A loaf of Victory Bread, some coffee, sugarless
—and thou
Beside me, knitting in the wilderness,
Ah! wilderness were Hooverized enow!

Apologies to Omar Khayam.

Jennings: "He's a pessimist on the war, isn't he?"

Ring: "Yes. He believes that after it's over a few Prussians will be allowed to live."

1919

According to Miss Smith, the articles on the bulletin board outside Mr. Campbell's room ought to be assigned as home lessons, they are so popular between periods.

G—— B—— (reciting on "David Copperfield"): "David showed his love for Miss Shepard by presenting her with Brazil nuts and other vegetables."

There is an article in "The Periscope" on the proposed B. A. A. The girls seem to know more about the association than the boys themselves.

Girls aren't the only curious ones, according to the above-mentioned paper. They mention the fact that the numbers for the G. A. A meet excited great curiosity.

Miss Flanders: "Where are your failure slips, Kennedy?"

K.: "I haven't had time to sign them yet"! ! !

Overheard in the hall one Wednesday morning: "Stop snoring, Gerould, you're waking Hudson."

Miss Smith (after spending half an hour explaining a problem): "Did you find it interesting, Burns?"

Silence.

Miss S.: "Did you, Kellogg?"

K.: "Yes'm."

Miss S.: "Well, I am glad that there is at least one who resembles the Immortal George."

Now, whom did she mean?

Kramer (in defense of Woman Suffrage): "Well, women are rather useful things anyway ——"

He didn't get any farther. There were ladies present.

Miss K.: "If a person gets zero on Monday, zero on Tuesday, and zero on Wednesday, what is his average for the week?"

Whole Class: "Zero!"

Miss K.: "It's a pleasure to have the whole class answer one question, at least, correctly."

1920

Miss Morse to Sprott (erasing): "Why don't you use more elbow grease?"

Sprott—"Well, we've got to conserve fats, haven't we?"

Venus de Milo, in the south end of the hall, explained: "I am simply inaugurating an armless day."

The Kaiser has named a bridge after the Crown Prince. A good name for something to walk over.

Miss Smith tells the following: One day a geometry class did not know how many altitudes a triangle had. "How many has a rectangle?" she asked. "Two," was the answer. "So a triangle has ———?" "One and a half," came the response from the whole class.

Gilbert: "If suits of clothes were selling for two cents apiece, I wouldn't be able to buy the sleeves of a vest."

Teacher: "I don't believe you were sick yesterday. I saw you outside."
Culprit: "O! that was when I was going to the Doctor's!"

Miss E—c— (to girl in lunch room) "Where is the salmon in this sandwich?"
Girl at counter: "You're coming to it."

One day Miss H——'s second hour class was honored by a visit from a large dog who left the room immediately.
Miss H——: "I don't wonder he didn't want to stay." Why, we wonder.

1921

Miss G——: "Where does the lesson for tomorrow begin?"
L. B.: "Yes'm." Force of habit.

Miss H.: "I feel like two cents."
Miss W.: "How prices have gone up since the war!"

D—— "What is Hazel practicing on the piano?"
J—— "Frightfulness."

Heard in Civics

Miss R—— "What do they mean by food conservation?"
K—— "I suppose it means talking about something to eat."

Soph.: Say, fresh, got anything in your head that bites?"
Fresh: "Of course not."
Soph: "Better see your dentist, then, kid."

Well, next year there will be a Freshman class for Us Sophomores to haze! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Mr. L.: "What do they do on Memorial Day?"
L——: "I don't know!"
Mr. L.: "Decorate dead soldiers."
Recognition after death.

Teacher: "Brought your failure slips?"
Pupil: "No."
T—: "Half an hour after school."
P—: "I have to stay for tardiness."
T—: "Well! When will you ever get your time made up?"
P—: "Oh, I'll be back next year!"

ALUMNI NOTES

'08 Charles M. Herlihy, former Assistant Superintendent of Schools, has enlisted as a private in the Sanitary Corps of the U. S. Army at Washington, D. C.

'14 E. Gladys Colburn is engaged to Chief Petty Officer Carl W. Berg, of Long Island.

'14 Beatrice Jones has been elected a member of the Baccalaureate Committee at Radcliffe.

'15 John S. Coleman is rowing on the Harvard Varsity Crew.

'14 Fred Whitman is rowing on the Harvard Varsity Crew.

'15 Edwin C. Whittemore is stroking the Harvard Varsity 2nd Crew.

'16 Victor Blakesley has been elected captain of the Annapolis Baseball Team.

'16 Russell Gerould is coxswain of the Harvard Varsity 2nd Crew.

'16 Ralph Shaw is playing second base on the Harvard Varsity Baseball Team.

'16 "Tang" Thurston and Lauriat Lane are at the Plattsburg Camp this summer.

'16 Margaret MacNaugher has been starring as one of the forwards on the Radcliffe Varsity Basket-Ball Team.

'17 Ellen Koopman, Radcliffe '21, took part in the Freshman Play, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," by Anthony Hope.

THE "HORSE" MAN

I

A clatter of hoofs on the broad highway,
The ringing of iron shod feet,
The lilt of song-filled laughter, gay,
Echoes in cobblestone street.
We peasants—ah, yes, mere peasants are we—
Look up in awe from our toil
To see the "horse"man—a noble is he—
Ride by on his "Morning Oil."

* * * * *

His "pony" 's a beauty, a thoro'bred "mare,"
Few "horse" in the kingdom with his can compare!
And the little green god quite fills us with spite,
His "steed" "trots" at dawning, our nag plods at night!

* * * * *

"Then ride, ride, with a galloping stride;
You're sure to get there if you ride, if you ride.
The road may be long, and with trouble be pied
But, you'll not find it hard if you ride, ride, ride!"

II

With sparkling eye, and with head held high,
He rides—and he laughs—to the end,
And covered with medals, and honors three-ply,
He still thinks his "horse" is his friend.

Oh! a fool he was, and how little he knew
That his medals so gleaming were brass,
That his honors were hollow, his "steed" untrue
And the toll-gates so bitterly hard to pass!

Yet with carefree ease he swings on his way,
And he sings as he gallops along,
While we, by the roadside, bid him stay,
And ruefully echo his song:

"You may ride, ride, with your galloping stride,
And you may get there if you ride, if you ride.
Still the way is long, and with trouble is pied,
And, it's safer to walk than to ride, ride, ride!"

Dorothy Googins, '18.

EXCHANGES

Since this is the last issue of *The Review* for the year 1917-18, we take this opportunity to thank all the schools that have contributed to our exchange column. We express our hopes that we may see them again next year, and wish them success for the ensuing year. We regret that space forbids our criticizing all the interesting papers that we have received in the last month, but we will pick out a few that we consider the best.

The Cue.—We wish to compliment you on the way your paper is written up. The cuts are excellent and the class notes are fine. We like your idea of giving grades to your exchanges. Your criticisms of exchanges are well thought out.

The Review, Swampscott High School.—Your literary department is well written up, and your editorials are excellent. A few more cuts and more jokes would be a great improvement, however.

The Sentinel.—Your cuts are good but your stories are only fair. A few more good stories would help a good deal. You seem to have a great many societies in your school. Why not have a few jokes? It seems that they are necessary to a school paper.

The Academy Student.—Your April number is good. The stories were interesting, and also the poems, which were well written. The jokes are very clever. You have a good exchange department.

The High School Herald.—Your honor list is a thing to be proud of. We like your April number's cover with the service flag on it. Your exchanges are well written up.

What Others See in the Review

Your paper is very good. You have an excellent honor list.—Megunticook.

A well organized paper.—Sanborn Echo.

We couldn't find one single joke in your whole paper. Some class notes would be a valuable addition.—Rayen Record.

Your letters from boys in France are some of the most interesting we have read. Your list of exchanges is large.—Gazette.

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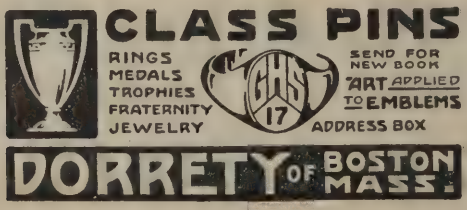

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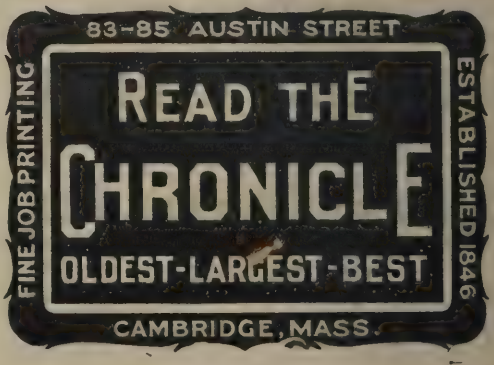

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